

RESTA L RIG;

OR,

THE FORFEITURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ST JOHNSTOUN, OR JOHN EARL OF GOWRIE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

The People suffer when the Prince offends.

CREECH.

EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH; AND
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MDCCCXXIX.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES, BARON RUTHVEN.

MY LORD,

A feeling of diffidence as to its merits, alone prevented my dedicating a former work to your Lordship, which treated of the history of your Noble Ancestors, and of the surely unmerited sentence, which alike overwhelmed themselves and their connections, in one cruel and indiscriminate fate.

In the following story, I have attempted to detail the sequel of the bloody tragedy, which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, so materially affected the fortunes of your Lordship's House; and, while I have thrown the garb of romance around the characters in this tale, I have

throughout adhered, as much as possible, to historical and traditional truth.

Although I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with your Lordship, I do not see that I can ask a better grace for my work, than to be allowed to inscribe it to one whose Noble Progenitors suffered in the mysterious, but, I hold, innocent cause, which forms the subject of my stories.

I have the honour to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH, 1st Dec. 1828.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN a former story, entitled, “ St Johnstoun, or, John, Earl of Gowrie,” the Author endeavoured to afford an accurate sketch of the General History of Scotland, for the few years which preceded the close of the 16th century, and to combine with it a more particular detail of the private events which occurred during the same period at the Court of JAMES VI. It was the earnest desire of the author to illustrate the genius, manners, and customs of a period, so interesting to the people of Scotland, as a Nation. The story was therefore founded on the basis of history, and compiled of materials drawn from the documents and records to which access could be obtained, while an endeavour was made to embellish it from the information afforded by oral tradition,—and such illustrations of the peculiar character of the people, in their different ranks, as could be drawn from the various sources which historical investigation discovered.

The Author may, perhaps, be permitted to hope, that a mite has thus been added to that description of literature, the style of which has of late years been

so greatly improved and enriched by a master hand, whose works have been welcomed and ~~read~~ with avidity by all civilised nations—which has created a far higher and more correct judgment and appreciation of the style of writing now alluded to—and which, while it has softened the severity of history, can hardly be said to have descended from its dignity, for though it permits a chastened scope to imagination, it is yet careful, in all essential points, to preserve truth.

The success of a former work has encouraged the Author to redeem the conditional promise contained in it, by continuing in the same manner the narrative of certain private events which occurred during a few years of the early part of the 17th century, and which will be found detailed in the following story, commencing in the year 1608,—a period when, according to the words of a learned writer, the state of the kingdom of Scotland was such, that no man could build his security on the precepts of law—the principles of justice—or the feelings of humanity.



RESTALRIG :

OR,

THE FORFEITURE.

CHAPTER I.

Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a small town, situated on the sea-coast of Berwickshire, and built on the beach of a little bay, which forms the only secure harbour for vessels between Berwick-on-Tweed and the Frith of Forth, there dwelt, in the year 1608, a middle-aged square-built man, whose countenance expressed a fearless self-confidence, by name George Sprott, and by profession a notary ; but whose pro-

fits, accruing from a very limited practice, were inadequate to the wishes prompted by his natural bias to rapacity, and an ambitious spirit. It therefore, in process of time, became strongly suspected by his neighbours, that his father, an honest and upright man, who had been brought down by misfortune from a better situation to that of a common labourer, had neither increased the happiness or true respectability of his only son, by having given him an education and calling calculated in no small measure to foster those bad propensities which they suspected had frequently made shipwreck of his integrity. Yet when suspicion or mischief to himself arose from his evil practices, it did but urge him on to new contrivances, whereby he flattered himself he would at length rise far above the level of those whose disapprobation of his conduct, and want of respect for his assumed consequence, he construed as the effects of envy and malice. Thus situated, and with a mind thus constituted, it was natural that he should eagerly embrace any proposal that held out a prospect of realizing the hopes so anxiously cherished, of one day elevating himself above those who had

not unfrequently predicted for him a very different sort of exaltation.

It was, therefore, with the utmost joy, that he one morning received a secret summons to attend a stranger, who appointed him a meeting at the next hour of midnight, among the ruins of an ancient abbey, which lay at the distance of somewhat more than two miles from the place of his residence. This summons purported to be from the proposer of something infinitely to the advantage of him with whom so extraordinary an interview was thus sought.

Various were the conjectures which suggested themselves to the highly excited mind of Sprott, during the hours of a long day in the month of June, that intervened between receiving this welcome invitation and the hour of appointment. The firmament at length began to darken, and, urged by his impatience for the time of meeting his expected patron, he cautiously unfastened the outward door of his humble dwelling, that he might not disturb the slumbers of his aged father, and of a sister many years younger than himself, who

both resided with him ; and, at a little after ten o'clock, he took his way along the sea-coast, by a footpath which alternately led him to the verge of its precipitous banks, or descended, by a rough and narrow path, to the beach where the uncouth and grotesque figures of the darkened rocks might have appeared, to a less fearless man, like a phalanx of threatening forms placed there, to deter him from prosecuting his present purpose,—a purpose which was to become the harbinger of crime and misfortune. Sprott stopped not, however, to bestow upon them a single look, or to listen to the solemn and measured dash of the waves below ; but passed on with lengthened and hurried steps, entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the adventure in which he was embarking, and presently turning his back upon the ocean, struck across some fields which lay between him and the point to which he directed his course ; and shortly afterwards found himself in the midst of the ruins of the monastery, and near to the place of rendezvous,—which, however, from the shade thrown by the parts of the building still standing, and the numerous labyrinths formed by the ruined masses

that lay on the ground, he found it no easy matter to discover.

This abbey, the oldest in Scotland, had also been one of the most extensive and splendid. It was here, if ancient records may be believed, that its immaculate abbess, and her nuns, influenced by holy zeal for the safety of their souls, performed an act of barbarous heroism, which has been the means of transmitting their names to a degenerate and incredulous posterity. It was here that King Edgar, son of Malcolm Canmore, rested, while on his way to claim the throne of his father, under the miraculous banner of St Cuthbert, the sacred gift which had been bestowed on him at Durham. In return for which piece of service, he made a present of this monastery, with its adjacent lands, to his benefactors, after restoring it to all its pristine strength and beauty, by rebuilding its walls, which had been injured by fire, himself assisting in the dedication to the Virgin of its sumptuous church. Such was its strength, that, during the regency of Mary of Guise, it withstood the assault of eight thousand men, provided with artillery, and commanded by the Earl of Arran, till

the invaders were compelled to retreat by the English, in whose possession it then was ; and who having put its peaceful inhabitants to flight, continued for a length of time to retain it, and make the most devastating incursions on the neighbouring districts. After this, it was erected into a temporality by James VI., and bestowed upon the sixth Lord Home, for his services in suppressing the rebellion of Bothwell. It had not, however, escaped the zealous hands of the early reformers, whose piety too often manifested itself in warring with the “carved work of the sanctuary ;” and being at length totally deserted by both catholic and protestant, it had, at the period when our story commences, fallen into ruin, and become the prey of the neighbouring villagers, who, using it as a quarry, had constructed from its venerable remains all the more modern buildings for many miles round. Nor have these depredations ceased even at this day ; for its fluted pillars and richly carved capitals being occasionally dug up from the earth, are applied without remorse to the support of a cattle-shed, or the construction of a pig-stye. Little or nothing now remains above ground of

this formerly wide-spreading and noble structure, excepting the northern wall of the parish church, which exhibits the broken arches of its cloisters choked up and defaced by rude plaster and white-wash, presenting a sad memorial of the barbarous taste and contemptible parsimony which could thus consign to total oblivion the small remnant of so celebrated and magnificent a pile.

It is time, however, to close this digression, and return to keep company with Sprott, in his search for a small building formerly annexed to the church, and standing at the easternmost corner of what had been the cemetery of the abbey, and which the inhabitants still used as a burying-ground. This building consisted of a vault, where the remains of some neighbouring dignitaries were deposited. The marble tablets which had recorded their worth and their pious gifts to the church, were torn down or defaced, and the door which had once connected it with the church, and rendered it impervious to the eye of idle curiosity, was no longer to be seen, while the archway it had served to close now gave free admittance to the foot of the intruder.

Sprott wandered, as we have said, for some time among the ruinous heaps which encompassed him, before he discovered the place which had been most minutely pointed out to him by his anonymous correspondent, and with which, by day light, he was tolerably well acquainted. When he at length entered it, no answer was returned to his enquiry, whether any one was in waiting; so that having followed round the inside of the walls, and ascertained it was unoccupied, he withdrew to a short distance from its entrance, and seated himself upon a tombstone, keeping his eyes in the direction of the place he had just left. But being unable, from the darkness of the shade into which it was cast, and the indistinctness of all around, to discern when any one approached, and becoming impatient of the delay, he was again about to enter the arch, when he was challenged from within by a voice whose tones were so peculiarly harsh and sepulchral, that they required to be but once heard to be ever after remembered. Sprott was possessed of uncommon strength of nerve, and had never been known to quail before the living, or to fear the dead. He had just been

sitting amid the surrounding graves with the same careless indifference with which he would have occupied at that hour his own arm-chair at home; but no sooner did this voice reach his ear, than he involuntarily started back, and its instant effect on his frame was to operate like a fit of ague, and to bedew his forehead with a cold sweat.

“Come somewhat nearer,” said the voice, “if thou art George Sprott, and say what the devil ails thee that thou answerest not?”

“I am he,” returned Sprott, in accents rendered nearly unintelligible by the extremity of his sudden fear, “but I charge ye, say who art thou, or here must end our communication; for I could swear that I have heard that voice before, did the grave not cover him who owned it.”

A short and scornful laugh, which uncontrollable contempt seemed to prompt, followed this speech on the part of him so addressed, and the same appalling voice again sounded in the ears of Sprott.

“Come nearer,” it again said, “and convince yourself that I am a man of earthly mould: feel this hand,” he continued, as he stretched forth

an arm, and seized upon one of Sprott's hands, while the body to which it belonged still remained in the shade of the building: “Hath it not vital heat, bones, sinews and flesh? Thou art a tall man, indeed—and a proper fellow I have fixed on to make his fortune by his resolution. But now mark me—either dismiss immediately these childish apprehensions, and listen to me like a man, or for ever renounce such an opportunity of enriching yourself as your rapacious spirit will never cease to lament—and instantly begone. But if ever ye breathe a syllable of this meeting to mortal ear, such speedy vengeance shall overtake ye as thou hast never yet dreamed of.”

The last part of this speech was delivered with the most passionate impatience; but Sprott, instead of obeying the injunction to make good his retreat immediately, advanced within the building;—for the stranger, by the talismanic mention of the mammon, to the acquirement of which he had been so long willing to sacrifice every better principle, had subdued his fears, and rekindled the evident desire of gain which, with him, almost amounted to mania.

“ Nay, whosoever you are, be not so wrathful,” said Sprott ; “ I seek not to pry into what you may desire to keep secret; but if you will consider the mysteriousness of your summons, the hour, the place, and, above all, the singular resemblance which, as I have informed you, your voice bears to that of a person who, to my knowledge, hath been more than two years numbered with the dead ; and a resemblance, in as far as I can judge in this darkness, which extends to your height, and the very make of the hand with which you so lately clasped mine, for in each of these particulars there was an extraordinary peculiarity in the person to whom I allude.—If you consider these circumstances, you will find more cause of surprise at my now entering the same shelter with you, than at the sudden dread which, I confess, so lately seized upon me, who never before feared either ghost or devil.”

“ Now, at least, thou speakest sensibly,” said the stranger, in whose uncommon voice irony was blended with apparent returning confidence, and who had his own secret reasons for excusing much

of the terror so lately manifested by Sprott—" for who ever heard of a lawyer's being afraid of the devil, since, were he to appear among your fraternity, it must be as a learner and not a teacher of evil. Hah! what sayst thou, friend Sprott; could thy brotherhood not instruct him in something—what thinkest thou? For example, couldst thou not thyself, were he to offer thee a sufficient bribe, give him a lesson in the counterfeiting of handwriting, at which thou art so expert ; and, scorning the petty equivoques which he commonly employs, outface him in a court of justice, and swear down all the barriers betwixt thee and a snug lairdship ?" *

A dead silence, of about a minute, succeeded to these extraordinary questions, while the speaker waited a reply, and the listener weighed their import in his mind ; which, not being slack to comprehend, he replied to accordingly :—

"These jibes," he said, "in which you are pleased to cloak your meaning, are, if I mistake not, intended to reveal to me much of the purpose for which you have sought this meeting; and as you appear to be well acquainted with some of my qualifications,

which it would seem you intend to turn to account, you must be more explicit in naming the use to be made of them, and also the reward proposed for their exercise ; and if I like the terms, you shall have no fault to find with either my ingenuity, my diligence, or my secrecy."

" Bravo ! but may I equally depend upon your courage, should it be put to the test ?" said his invisible interrogator, in the same tone of sarcasm with which he had put his other questions.

" You may," replied Sprott, " in spite of any opinion you may have formed to the contrary from late appearances ; for recollect, that it is one thing to deal with the living, and another to believe yourself in the presence of the dead."

" But what if the living were to persuade you that you were yourself soon to become a departed spirit, would that not shake your constancy, even though assured of your safety by your employer ?"

" Say no more on the subject of my fears," replied Sprott, nettled by this harping on his want of courage ; " it would seem that, however much you know of me in other respects, you are totally unacquainted with my character in this."

“ I am not so ignorant of your character, in any respect, as you may perhaps imagine, or I should not, in this case, have sought after you,” returned his mysterious companion; “ though your folly this night well nigh persuaded me I had mistaken my man, and nearly deprived you of a fair opportunity of bettering your fortunes. But now hearken to me,” he continued in a low and earnest manner, while the hollowness of his tones made his voice appear as if issuing from the graves beneath, and going close to Sprott, he laid his hand on the sleeve of his doublet, as with the intention of preventing him from moving further off, and of commanding attention by the different degrees of pressure with which he enforced his discourse.

“ Now, hearken to me while I explain myself in as few words as possible on a subject of serious moment. You are not ignorant of the odium under which our sovereign has lain ever since the death of the late Earl of Gowrie and his brother, now nearly eight years ago, and of the total failure of his asseverations and those of his courtiers in gaining credit to the truth of the alleged conspi-

racy. I leave you, therefore, to imagine how welcome any discovery would be which could clearly prove the facts, and put to silence the murmurs of the people, but more especially of the clergy, who having been rigorously dealt with by the king for their disbelief, would thus be led to confess his justice, and, by way of atonement, become less firm in their opposition to the alterations in church government which his majesty is so anxious to effect. For this purpose he has now sent the Earl of Dunvere to Scotland, who is at this moment labouring in vain to bring about his master's wish. I need not point out to your sagacity, therefore, the weighty service which may thus be rendered to the sovereign and his ministers, and the ample reward that would infallibly follow it. Say, then, if you are inclined to earn this reward by measures which, for many reasons, none can accomplish so well as yourself."

Here the unknown speaker paused, and Sprott, who had been listening to him with breathless attention, assured him of his willingness to become an agent in any scheme whereby ends so desirable might be produced,—expressing, however, his

hopes that it might not involve the necessity of more bloodshed.

“ Let not your immaculate conscience harbour any fears upon that score, most upright George,” said the unknown; while the sneer with which the sarcasm was pronounced became as much impressed upon Sprott as if the light of day had enabled him to see its expression on the features of his darkling companion. He thus felt perfectly convinced that the person with whom he conversed was indeed not only, as he had professed himself, intimately acquainted with his character, but no way inclined to spare him, or likely to listen to any scruples by which he might purpose to enhance the value of his assistance. He, therefore, muttered something of his satisfaction at this information, and begged him to proceed.

“ Well, then, having quieted your scruples on this head, you must know that the utmost evil that can result from our plans will be the loss of fortune to the heir of a person whose turbulent, and in some instances rebellious conduct during his life, will give the colour of truth to an accusation of his having been concerned in the treason-

able practices of Lord Gowrie, and that the man to whom I allude is no other than your late patron the Laird of Restalrig, whose only son is now abroad. Now, as you must, from your having for many years transacted business for him, be well acquainted with his handwriting and style of diction, as well as with many minute circumstances of his family concerns, you can, by forging letters from him to the Earl of Gowrie, make the long doubted conspiracy perfectly clear; while I leave it to your ingenuity to account for your having become possessed of them. At the same time I must suggest that you may assign with probability your wish of screening your patron from an ignominious punishment, by concealing your knowledge of his treasonable practices till after his death, which”—

Here the speaker was interrupted by Sprott, who vehemently objected to this implication of himself, as amounting to misprision of treason.

“ Tush !” said his instructor, “ thou art not such an ass as to believe that those so much interested in supporting the truth of thy testimony, will run the risk of your telling tales, by driving

you to extremities. If, however, you have any such weak fancies, you may dispel them with all ease, by recollecting what hath even now happened to Lord Balmerino, who, for exoneration of the King, took upon himself the guilt of having written to the Pope in the name, and without the authority, of his sovereign, promising his Holiness all kindness if he would assist him in attaining the English throne on the death of Elizabeth. For which offence he hath been accused of treason—brought to Scotland by the Earl of Dunvere—first imprisoned in Edinburgh, then at Falkland, and lastly carried to St Andrew's, where the farce of passing sentence of death upon him was performed, but remitted during pleasure.—And where is he now, I pray you? Why, in his own house of Balmerino, enjoying the reward of his faithful service. And further, to convince you that your safety in this matter is amply provided for, know that I have in my possession the promise of a free pardon to any one whose evidence shall establish the fact of Restalrig's guilt, and also a promised grant out of his forfeited lands, which you shall examine for your own satisfaction.

when you have completed the task required of you, and produced the documents. I give you the period of eight days to accomplish what you now undertake, trusting to your ability, and the pains you will not fail to employ for your own interest. When that time is elapsed, you will again find me here at the same hour at which we have met to night, that you may then put into my hands the produce of your labours. Not failing, at the same time, to bring with you what original writings of Restalrig's may be in your possession, that I may have an opportunity of comparing the writings, and judging, in other respects, of the accuracy of your imitation. Now wend your way homeward, for enough has been said to-night ; and the spirit of invention be with you."

" I go," returned Sprott, " and shall begin my employment immediately ; but before I depart, it were but reasonable methinks that I should be so far trusted as to know with whom I have been concerting measures which may lead to consequences in which I am so deeply concerned."

" The information you require," answered the stranger, " could be of no essential service to you,

and would cause very serious inconvenience to myself; therefore, once for all, there is no chance of my indulging you in so idle a wish, and woe betide you if ever you set yourself to obtain such information by underhand means, for in that case the fabric of your hopes, which now rests on a secure foundation, will crumble into dust, never more to be reared, and you will have cause to remember this night with the bitterest sorrow. Avoid this quicksand, and a safe path to the eminence and gain you so much covet lies straight before you."

There was again a short silence while Sprott appeared to be forming his final determination.

"Few men would, I believe, be bold enough," he said at length, "to embark in this business on such conditions: I am, however, resolved to run all risks for the promised reward. Farewell, then, for the present, and whoever you are, you may expect me here eight nights hence."

"See that it be so," returned his companion, "and meanwhile salve thy tender conscience with this assurance, that thou shalt not be required to

be one whit more of a rascal than is absolutely necessary for our purpose. And hark ye, lest ye should meet with more goblins to-night, I advise ye to steer clear of the Law, Clootie's Croft, and the Crockie of Maggy Shaw."

Sprott replied not to this taunting allusion to his late fears, but left the vault while the harsh and demoniac laugh, which accompanied it, still rung in his ears, and again so forcibly reminded him of the person, to the number of whose well remembered peculiarities it added another appalling feature of striking resemblance, that, for a few seconds, he felt palsied by the extraordinary sensation it created. This temporary fear, however, decreased at every step by which he receded from its cause; and his mind became deeply occupied in reflecting upon all that had passed within the last hour, and in conjectures relating to the person he had just left. That he could, indeed, be the same man he had formerly known, he believed impossible, from certain strong circumstances, with which he was acquainted, that incontrovertibly proved his decease. He was therefore obliged to come to the conclusion, that some

other human being was possessed of many of those uncommon attributes which he had supposed peculiar to the person now no more. For on his reason gaining strength by reflection, his natural hardihood returned, and he did not, for a moment, allow himself to imagine that he had conversed with a disembodied spirit. Yet who could this person be who seemed so familiar not only with his history and character, but also with local names and superstitions, respecting which he evinced so perfect a knowledge, having advised him to avoid those places on his road homewards, which the neighbouring villagers firmly believed to be the haunt of the evil one? Clootie's Croft, or, as it was more generally called, "the Goodman's Field," was a small portion of the best land anciently set apart by the inhabitants of most Scottish villages, as a propitiatory gift to the devil, on which property they never presumed to intrude. The Law, or the highest hill in the immediate neighbourhood of the village, was then well known as the pinnacle on which his satanic majesty frequently held his court, and which (by-the-bye) retained for many years its reputation for

such infernal meetings; insomuch, that an unfortunate man was, nearly thirty years after this period, burned for having, in this place, a consultation with the devil, who empowered him to compass the death of Sir George Home of Manderston by afflicting him with a grievous distemper, from which he was only recovered by the apprehension and execution of the culprit. The third place of evil report, namely, Maggy Shaw's Crockie, was a broad flat stone, near to the brink of a precipice, overhanging the sea-shore, about a mile from Sprott's residence, and lying near to the road which led between the villages. This stone was placed over the remains of an old woman who had hanged herself, and who was said to be frequently seen at night sitting upon it in the shape of a white sea-mew. But to resume our story:—The minute information possessed by the stranger in all these particulars, as well as in what related to Sprott himself, added, as we have said, to his perplexity. Therefore, after many fruitless attempts to form any feasible conclusion with regard to the name or degree of his present employer, he gave it up as a useless and unprof-

table speculation, and suffered his thoughts to be entirely absorbed in the contrivance and arrangement of the scheme which was to deprive the son of his late benefactor of his property, and render him a nameless beggar—For this, he was well aware, must be the consequence of success in his machinations.

He was, however, far from contemplating this diabolical purpose in the same light which it must have appeared to any man whose views were not distorted by false reasoning. He had been long accustomed to repine in secret at his own poverty, and to persuade himself that, in the partial distribution made by Fortune of her bounties, it was the right of every man whom she had slighted, to remedy her neglect by every means which accident might place in his power. Thus he was not likely to stick at trifles when such a prospect of gain was presented to his diseased fancy as had been offered him by the stranger; and the leading passion for money, which was paramount to every other feeling, being now, as he conceived, in a fair way of meeting its gratification, he was in a sort of fever with the whirl of delightful ideas which

the proposal of the stranger had conjured up, and he indulged himself in fond visions of future greatness. Yet, as perhaps the worst of men possess some solitary good quality, and we are told in the holy parable, that a feeling of natural affection still remained in the breast of Dives even in hell, so did the power of conducting to the welfare and gratification of his father and sister enter largely into the golden dreams of Sprott. In his greedy and grasping character there was a singular mixture of the strongest affection towards them. And that heart which was capable of practising the most cruel oppressions in the way of his ordinary business, whenever such conduct promised a prospect of gain to himself, yet turned with an intensity of fondness toward the only two beings whom he loved, of which no idea can be formed by those who are not deeply read in the intricacies and contradictions of human feeling. It was alone in his intercourse with these objects of his affection, that his corrupted heart became sensible of pure sentiments. For his knowledge that their innate principles could never assimilate with his own, caused him in their presence to

drop a veil over his real sentiments, which for the time had almost the effect of hiding their deformity from himself, while it saved them much distressing information. Still it was impossible but that many of his peccadilloes should come to their knowledge, it being pretty evident to them that he frequently turned all his natural talents for artifice against the most estimable characters of the little community in which he lived, when feed by the evil-minded to make the worse appear the better cause. Thus his old father, who had toiled late and early to give his son an education suitable to what he had imagined the extraordinary genius of his childish years; could not help regretting that he had chosen a profession for him which gave such free scope to his worst propensities. Nor did he contemplate his own blindness without wonder, in having mistaken for indications of superior wisdom what were merely the effects of cunning, exercised in a pertinacious adherence to his own opinion, whether right or wrong, in defence of which he had so early exhibited an uncommon degree of art. Yet the old man ceased not to hope in his amendment, and to regard him

with the same doting affection that he had felt for him in his days of childhood ; and if he was much hated abroad, he was as deeply loved at home. For there, too, his sister, whose soft heart ever endeavoured to excuse his faults, hung upon his words, and watched his looks, with a degree of fondness and deference that was highly gratifying to his self-love. This sister was fifteen years younger than himself, and the vows which his mother had required from him on her deathbed, that he would become her protector, had hitherto been most religiously fulfilled. He had been her teacher, and the supplier of all her little wants ; and to have her know more, and be dressed above her equals, was happiness to himself. Thus the hallowed fire of filial and fraternal love burned in the bosom of this misguided man like the flame of a sepulchral lamp, which is not the less bright or pure, because all else within the mansion of corruption is noxious and loathsome. Amidst the dreams of riches and elevation that were the result of the interview we have just recorded, his greedy and fertile imagination grasped at more and more wealth. The profits of his ordinary business ap-

peared paltry and beggarly, and not worth his concern—and he calculated with a tender warmth of feeling on the increased comforts and consequence of his father and sister: nay, even flattered himself with the thought that it was chiefly for their sakes that he was about to put his personal safety, as well as his immortal spirit, in peril.

This erroneous view of the matter served to add energy to his nefarious exertions. He was indefatigable in prosecuting his purpose, and each day bore testimony to the labours of the one preceding it; and on the night appointed by the mysterious person who had now become the arbiter of his fate, the hour of midnight found him again in the same abode of the dead, furnished with five letters. These were the production of the most consummate art, possessing such natural vigour of style, and such an exact resemblance to the handwriting of the late Restalrig, together with certain peculiarities in orthography used by him, that they were afterwards eminently successful in deceiving the nicest observers among those who were best acquainted with the writing of Logan. These let-

ers appeared to have been written previous to the conspiracy they were intended to prove: one only of them was addressed to the Earl of Gowrie; three of them to some one who was a supposed accomplice in the plot, but who was only addressed as Right Honourable, without his name being mentioned; and one of them to a person whose name was Bour, and who had been a long tried and faithful servant of Restalrig. This man having accumulated money sufficient to purchase a small property, went in consequence by the Scottish appellation of Laird. These letters all darkly hinted at the conspiracy against the King, and were to be represented by Sprott as having come into his possession through the hands of Laird Bour, with whom he had been in habits of intimacy, and who, it appeared from the tenor of the letters, was the messenger entrusted with them by those to whom they were addressed, that they might be returned to Restalrig after their perusal, in order to his seeing them destroyed. This precaution, it was made to appear, had, however, by some means, been neglected, so that Sprott was enabled to detain them in his possession. At this

second meeting Sprott also delivered to his unknown employer, according to his desire, such of the writings of Restalrig as had remained in his possession, for the purpose before mentioned, of their being compared by him with the fabricated letters.

This interview with the mysterious stranger was brief in comparison with the former; and though Sprott could not feel by any means at ease in the presence of this extraordinary being, the effect of their second conversation was to confirm him in his purpose of becoming the accuser of his late benefactor. And this determination at their next meeting (that happened according to the appointment of the stranger a few nights afterwards, and still at the same place and hour) was unalterably fixed by the encouragement he received from the rapturous praises bestowed on his handiwork by his employer, and by the receipt of a considerable sum of money, as earnest of the assurances of a greater reward, and the protection which should follow his firm adherence to their preconcerted plans. The letters were returned to him, to be deposited among his other papers at home.

and he departed with an anxious desire that they should immediately stand the test of legal inquiry ; for which purpose he caused the Earl of Dunvere to be informed without loss of time, that such documents were in his possession.

CHAPTER II.

Sincerity,

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path ! altho' the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

HOME.

ALL things being thus in readiness, few days elapsed when George Sprott was taken into custody at his house in Eyemouth, on a charge of having been in the treasonable foreknowledge of the conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie against his Sovereign. This event, so sudden, and so totally unexpected by his father and sister, threw them into the utmost amazement and dismay, nor did they feel much comfort from some dark and ambiguous hints which they received from him, that all would yet end in his advancement, which they

could only construe into a hope, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. But the old man could only shake his head, and wonder at what he considered these vainglorious boasts of his unhappy son ; and, upon following him to Edinburgh, their surprize and grief knew no bounds, when, on his first examination by the Privy Council, he confessed his guilt, alleging that he had concealed his knowledge of the treason practised by Restalrig and Bour, during their lives, in order that they should not be brought to justice through his means, professing himself now ready to produce certain letters, in evidence of the truth of his assertions. The letters were accordingly examined by numbers, who were well acquainted with the handwriting of Restalrig, and uniformly declared by them to be the production of his pen. After these corroborating circumstances, the miserable old man and his afflicted daughter could neither doubt the fact of his guilt, nor shut their eyes to his danger, and continued to hover round the walls of his prison, and to solicit in vain for the indulgence of seeing him. Meanwhile, apparently forsaken entirely by his mysterious tempter, whose artful arguments and assurances were wont to

prompt and encourage him in the course he had pursued, his firmness began to give way. The solitude and confinement so far wrought upon his flagging spirits, as to cause a complete revulsion of thought to take place in his troubled mind, and to conform his opinions, in some measure, to the superstition of the age in which he lived, and he almost believed that he had become the victim of the powers of darkness, and had been placed in his present situation by the instrumentality of a demoniac agent. Under these apprehensions, he with difficulty preserved his constancy while he underwent repeated examinations. But condemned at length to the torture, and unable to endure the extremity of his pain, his resolution entirely forsook him, and he confessed the whole truth relating to the forgery. It was on that night of unutterable horror to the mangled and conscious-stricken Sprott, when returned to the gloom of his prison, after having undergone the excruciating punishment of the *boots*,—when the hour of midnight had chimed from all the city clocks,—when all was darkness and despair, and the death-like silence that reigned around was only disturbed by his own groans, and the frantic imprecations ex-

torted from him by his sufferings, and the belief that had now gained an entire ascendancy over him, that he was enthralled by an evil spirit—It was at this moment, when body and mind were alike suffering the most exquisite agonies, that he again heard that unearthly voice which had so lately sounded in his ears to lure him to destruction.

“George Sprott,” it said, and the miserable man started at its hollow accents with convulsive terror—the hair bristled on his head—his heart throbbed with violence, and his bruised and lacerated knees smote each other. He was heavily ironed, yet, in spite of this, and of the miserable state of his legs, he raised himself from his recumbent posture, sat upright, and listened in fearful expectation of the repetition of the startling sound. Nor did he listen long before it was again repeated in the near vicinity of his wretched pallet. Rendered desperate by fear, pain, and the thousand tormenting thoughts that rapidly flashed through his enfeebled brain, he struck out with his manacled arms to repel any nearer advance of his visitor, while he exclaimed, in accents which his frenzied

violence rendered nearly unintelligible, “ What art there, infernal tempter? begone whence thou camest, for all the powers of hell shall not make me again listen to thy accursed suggestions! Speak not to me, I charge ye.”

“ If I must not speak, I could at least laugh,” said the voice, “ were this a time or place for merriment, but it is far otherwise; yet your absurd fears of supernatural agency are so ludicrous, that, in spite of my vexation at this day’s events, I can hardly suppress my contempt of them.—What the foul fiend possesses you, to be such an idiot as to identify me with the devil? I verily believe that, at this moment, thou thinkest I am come to carry thee off in fire and smoke, through the roof of this stronghold. Away with such madness, and, once more, listen to me like a reasonable man, while I instruct thee how to avoid all thou expectest and dreadest, and how to attain all thy sordid soul most coveteth.”

“ Avaunt, I say, and leave me to die, for wherefore should I listen? Whether man or evil spirit, thy damnable counsel hath brought upon me this intolerable load of evil. It was by

thy accursed promises, thy cajolings, and by such biting jibes as thou hast even now assailed me withal, that I was prevailed upon to hazard body and soul, and if thou art indeed a man, thou hast kept thy faith like a devil ; therefore I will hear thee no more. Death is now welcome, if it doth but release me from my present pain. The flesh and bones of my legs are a jelly."

" Pshaw, pshaw, do thy soaring spirit no injustice, friend Sprott ; it was thine own longing to perk aloft that carried thee full sail before the wind of ambition. But time is too precious to be wasted in words, that are nothing but froth, and as you have no power to banish me, and cannot yourself remove from this spot, I *will* speak, and you cannot choose but listen ; and when you have heard what I have to say, it will then be at your own option to answer or not as you may think fit."

Here Sprott uttered several exclamations of irritated impatience ; but as he had, indeed, no power to prevent his tormentor from proceeding, he could not but hear what he said, and, assured of this, his nocturnal visitor proceeded :

“First, then,” he said, “I would have you to know, that no blame is imputable to me for the rough way in which the *question* has been proposed to you, and that such an unlooked for proceeding could not have taken place, had my Lord of Dunvere not been absent for several days past upon urgent business. It was then that some of the drivelling fools who compose the Privy Council proposed this method to put thy truth to the test, because, forsooth, their puling consciences will not suffer them to oblige their Sovereign, by giving their belief to thy story without sifting it to the bottom. Now, my Lord of Dunvere is mightily enraged at their interference in this matter during his absence, and will, if it be not thine own fault, still set thee to rights, maugre the unlucky confession thou hast made, and for which thou deservedst damnation. Lose no time, therefore, in retracting all that thou didst last say, alleging that pain had caused a temporary derangement, during which thy disordered brain had conjured up the phantoms that thy better reason now disowneth. Thou must, however, now remain firm, even to the scaffold.—yea, even till the hempen cravat em-

brace thy throat, for so far it may become necessary to carry the jest. Be assured, however, that the Earl thy protector, will not again desert you, and is empowered in that moment of peril to pronounce thy pardon, provided thou deserve it by thy constancy. All must, however, depend upon that, for if thou do but prevaricate in the smallest instance after this, thou must hang without remedē."

"Depart from me, I say again, and tempt me no more," said Sprott, while fear and indignation at having been made a tool, glowed with vehemence in his breast, and, speaking in the agony of his soul through his firmly set teeth, and in a tone of passionate determination that seemed to set all argument at defiance, he continued, "Depart, I say,—I know that I shall be hanged, and the prince of devils cannot persuade me to the contrary."

"Well, well," said his visitor, in a tone of mockery, "since nothing else will please thee, hanged thou shalt be. I was sent here by the Earl of Dunvere, and I have done his behest; yet, notwithstanding thy wish to grace the gal-

lows, and the small credit you now attach to my words, I will give you some tokens whereby you may be enabled to judge more correctly in future. Mark, therefore, what I am about to say. The night wanes apace, and the approaching dawn will no sooner arrive, than the Earl will be here in person. He will cause you for the present to be removed with care and tenderness beyond the walls of this prison, to a comfortable apartment, where every attention will be paid to the curing of your limbs. Your father and sister, who have long petitioned to see you, will be admitted to you without restraint. You will be brought to trial, without again suffering even temporary inconvenience ; and you may, as I have said before, be even brought upon the scaffold. But if, when there, your courage does not forsake you, and, in the sight of the assembled multitude, you remain firm to your first confession, you will perceive a white handkerchief in the hand of the Earl of Dunvere, who will wave it in that moment of peril, and your pardon shall be pronounced. You will then end your days in peace, and in the enjoyment of that reward for which you have ven-

tured so much. Your fate is now in your own hands ; farewell for ever ; we are henceforth in no measure dependent on each other, and you will never again hear the voice which has caused you so much foolish terror."

As this mysterious person concluded his harangue, Sprott, who answered not, heard the fall of his footsteps, as he moved along the cell to the door, which, having unfastened, he relocked on the outside, withdrew the key, and was no longer heard.

Great as was the terror Sprott experienced on the first entrance of his unwelcome guest, and unavailing as he felt all his efforts to banish entirely the idea of his identity with a man of whose death he was assured ; yet, in his present lonely and wretched situation, he was no sooner gone than he felt as if he could willingly have listened longer, and as if he regretted his departure. The truth was, that his words had conveyed some faint ray of hope once more to the darkened and guilty soul of the wretched man, as he listened to his predictions of what was so suddenly to take place in his favour. After the departure of his dark-

some guest, Sprott continued to sit upright, and, keeping his eyes fixed on that part of the wall, where the high and grated window of his prison was placed, he watched with eager gaze for the first indications of dawn. During this time, every word, accompanied by its peculiar tone and emphasis, that had been spoken by him whom his bewildered brain scarce knew whether to class with fiend or mortal, seemed as if audibly repeated by his vivacious memory, and, as they passed through his mind in rapid succession, he clung still faster to life and its seducing vanities,—his professed readiness to meet death having been but the effect of the pain he endured, and the certainty he then felt of its approach ; yet, in this partial revival of his hopes, the joy he experienced in the glimpses of his own safety were almost superseded by the reflection of the delight with which his father and sister would hail his deliverance from danger. “ Poor old man,” he muttered to himself, “ If I am set once more free, I shall perhaps yet live to repay thee and my kind Annie, for all that ye are now suffering on my account ; for if I escape this danger, I will no more depart

from the strait path of honesty." Thus the wretched man expressed himself while still in jeopardy, and thus he believed he should act if delivered from it, falling into the common error of all those who, having widely departed from the strict rules of rectitude, imagine that it requires but the exercise of their own will to remedy the evil. Alas ! how long have mankind deceived themselves, and how long shall they continue ignorant of the truth that their utmost natural strength is of itself insufficient to combat the united powers of habit and temptation.

But to return to our story. Sprott's eyes were at length gladdened by light, which, though so faint as only at first to make visible the exact spot in which the casement was placed, rapidly increased until it enabled him to see the divisions of the stones on its opposite wall. He ceased then to observe its progress any further, and bent all his attention to the faint and distant sounds that arose from the High Street, where the labouring class of the citizens were already beginning their morning occupations, and from whence the noise of loaded carts lumbering along the pavement, met his ear through

the massy walls of the tolbooth, like murmurs of distant thunder. At length his attention was called off from these outward indications of approaching day, by a confused and indistinct bustle within the prison, as of people drawing nearer and nearer toward him within the building, till he at length heard plainly the sound of feet and of voices in the passage leading to his cell. A lurking dread of treachery began to shoot through his frame, as it stiffened with horror at the thought that he might be again about to be dragged forth to torture. The door was opened, and the bright blaze of a torch flashed its dazzling light upon his starting eye-balls, and prevented him from perceiving who it was that approached. He recovered, however, in a great measure from this state of terror, when his temporary blindness was removed, and he beheld the Earl of Dunvere, accompanied by the Archbishop of Glasgow, standing beside him, while the jailor held the torch at the foot of his bed.

“Unfortunate man,” said the Earl, “what hath tempted thee to contradict thy first testimony, in the extraordinary manner that his

Grace of Glasgow here tells me thou didst yesterday, on being put into the boots, and wherefore do you seek to deceive us? Nay, to implicate me, as I am informed, in your wild and incomprehensible stories? Speak, and, if thy reason is yet returned—say, what doth all this mean?"

" It means," said Sprott, who felt consoled and revived by the mildness of tone adopted by the Earl, and the benign expression of his countenance, together with the fulfilment in so far of his late guest's predictions,—" It means that my confinement in this prison, and the exquisite torture that I was yesterday subjected to, did indeed unsettle my reason, as your Lordship says, and caused me doubtless, to repeat as truth what was alone the result of delirium, and for which, had it been a voluntary act, I should now feel the deepest contrition. I shall not, however, again be found to waver, I trust, from the truth of my first statement, provided my treatment is such as to secure me the use of my senses."

" It certainly must have been a total absence of the reasoning powers," said the Earl, looking at the Bishop as he spake, " which caused this poor

wretch to imagine, for the time, that I had leagued myself against him with the powers of darkness, and employed a disembodied spirit to tempt him to the accusation he has brought forward against the accomplices of Gowrie."

" Yet"—said Bishop Spottiswood, who having been present when Sprott was put to the question, and heard his confession, felt bewildered, and knew not what to think, " Yet, had your Lordship heard his account of the whole transaction, you must, I am confident, have felt puzzled at its minuteness and seeming consistency, which appeared much too great to be the effect of mere frenzied fabrication."

" I am surprised to hear your Grace talk thus," said the Earl, while a shade of displeasure passed over his features, " for we all know how plausibly circumstances can be put together in the brain of a madman, or in the dreams of those who are the most sane, while the reasoning faculty is as much dormant as it undoubtedly was during this man's last examination. But not to waste more breath on so absurd a subject, his extraordinary mention of myself, and of supernatural agen-

ey, are such convincing arguments, that your Grace can require none other."

The Bishop only replied to these conclusive reasons by bowing his head; but, whether in token of assent, or merely of his wish to shun, at present, further controversy, appeared doubtful. The Earl, however, seemed not to trouble himself any further about the opinion of his colleague, and again addressed himself to Sprott; whose pallid and care-worn face presented, by torch-light, such a striking and dismal contrast to its healthful and ruddy appearance on the day he was first examined, that the Earl seemed, while looking on it, to be lost for a moment in commiseration.

"Unfortunate wretch," said the Earl, "you shall, at least, not have again reason to complain that hard usage has unsettled your wits. I have ever disapproved of the use of torture, as most incompetent to elicit the truth; and, had I not been absent, it would not have been resorted to in your case. You shall, however, now be attended with care until your limbs are healed, for it is a

calm and distinct testimony that we wish to obtain. A litter is in readiness, by my order, to bear you to a house in the neighbourhood, where your father and sister shall be allowed to see you."

This mention of his father and sister revived those remorseful regrets which had been more unsupportable to Sprott, than even the dread of danger to himself, namely, that, through his folly and wickedness, they were about to be driven forth to want and disgrace. This, and the more remote consequences of his crime, to beings whom it had hitherto been his delight to cherish, apparently overcoming, in the bitterness of his heart, all consideration for himself, he made a natural and affecting appeal in their favour to the Earl, in order to extort an assurance from him that, whatever hereafter might be the sentence of the law in his own case, they might not be consigned to want. This the Earl readily and solemnly promised, and four stout men, bearing a hand-litter, being brought within the cell, Sprott was released from his manacles, and removed on it with as little pain as the case allowed.

We have hitherto followed our manuscript,

perhaps rather too diffusely, but shall now restrict ourselves to a more brief relation,—this part of the narrative forming, as it would seem, merely an introduction to the main story. Sprott, it would appear, was now lodged, through the interference of the Earl of Dunvere, in an apartment, where, although ample care was taken to secure his person, his window admitted freely the air of heaven, and the light of that luminary, which is the universal charm of existence:

Emollient unctions were applied to his limbs; and, in short, all fulfilled, to the very letter, which had been foretold by his extraordinary tempter, or promised by the Earl in person. And so confident did he feel that what still remained to be fulfilled, should also assuredly happen, that at all the different examinations which he underwent (and they were many), he stoutly adhered to his first declaration of the guilt of Restalrig, and attested it by the most vehement and daring appeals to Heaven. Meantime, the lenity he experienced, together with confidence in his ultimate safety, combined to restore him once more to bodily health, and

to a more than usual hardihood and rapacity of character, and his cupidity was again awakened with redoubled energy. This daring buoyancy of spirit was, however, in some measure kept down, by a sense of propriety, which his cunning did not fail to suggest to him was necessary in his situation, to prevent suspicion ; and by the despair expressed in the countenances of his father and sister, whenever they were allowed to see him. For, as he could not explain to them his grounds of hope, so neither could he inspire them with a belief that he would ultimately be pardoned ; while they were totally at a loss to account for his apparent carelessness about preparing himself for a future state, after having voluntarily confessed a crime which had brought him into so dangerous a situation. It was in vain, however, that they questioned him on conduct which appeared to them so inexplicable, or remonstrated on its fatal tendency. He heard them patiently, without being moved by their arguments or entreaties, and silenced them at last, by the most earnest and affectionate entreaties, that they would spare him on a subject that did not allow

of an explanation; while he further perplexed them by adding the most solemn assurances, that their fears for him were altogether groundless. The strangeness of his words, and the air of confidence he now assumed, rendered them anxious in the extreme, while, day after day, their conjectures became more wild and fearful.

The day at length arrived that was to prove on what foundation his hopes had rested. He was tried capitally on his own confession alone, and convicted of having been in the treasonable foreknowledge of the Earl of Gowrie's conspiracy; sentenced to death; and ordered for immediate execution at the cross of Edinburgh. But, instead of being appalled by this awful doom, so entirely did he rely on the promises he had received of final pardon, that, though his heart beat quick as the momentous time drew near, that was to determine his fate, he yet addressed the Court in acknowledgment of its justice. This assurance became absolute certainty, when, on arriving at the place of execution, he perceived that the Earl of Dunvere was already there, and that he held in his hand a white hand-

kerchief, which he frequently raised to his forehead, as the unfortunate wretch imagined, to attract his attention, and confirm his hopes. Those stationed near to his Lordship observed that it was applied to wipe from thence large drops of dew, evidently brought there by some strong emotion of mind. The infatuated Sprott now made again a full and solemn confession of his guilt, and promised that, as his last act on earth, he would give a signal, by clapping his hands, of the truth of his accusation of Restalrig. He then went through the usual forms of prayer, joined his voice in a psalm, which was, in those days, called the neck-verse, and never omitted by the malefactor when about to suffer,—ascended the ladder,—permitted the executioner to put the fatal cord round his neck,—gave the appointed signal, by clapping his hands loudly together three times, which was seen and heard by the assembled multitude, to the utmost verge of its congregated mass,—waited in breathless expectation of hearing his pardon loudly proclaimed,—felt the ladder move beneath his feet, but, hearing no pardon pronounced, he

uttered a momentary and an agonized appeal to the mercy of God, and was launched into eternity.

Thus it is that vice rewards its votaries ; thus, in all ages, have the instruments of tyranny ever kept faith with their wretched victims ; and we have but to peruse the pages of history, to be presented with numberless instances of similar iniquity. All that the Earl of Dunverè had personally promised to the unfortunate man had been fulfilled, saving the making provision for his father and sister, whose wants the Earl now set himself to supply, by ordering to be paid to them the half-yearly allowance of a pension that was sufficient to place them above want. But this bounty towards them was frustrated, by their having gone, no one knew whither, immediately after the execution of Sprott ; the most diligent inquiries proving unavailing towards the discovery of their retreat. The guilt of the deceased Logan of Restalrig being thus established by the confessions and death of Sprott, a summons of treason was executed against his son and heir, who was introduced to our readers in our last story of St Johnstone, and

who, we have before informed them, was at this time abroad. Having thus far explained what may be called the last act of the **Gowrie Tragedy**, we now proceed to relate what next occurs in our manuscript.

CHAPTER III.

A heavy sentence my most gracious Liege,
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth

* * * * to be cast forth on the common air.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW weeks having elapsed after the execution of Sprott, we present to our readers the unfortunate son of the forfeited Laird of Restalrig, deprived of name, fame, and fortune. Walter Logan, the same young man who, in our last story, saved, by his prompt and magnanimous conduct, the two remaining sons of the Countess of Gowrie, had, since that period, spent six years abroad, from whence he had only arrived in Scotland a very short time previous to the trial which determined his fate. This brief sojournment was, however, sufficient to convince him that he possessed not one relation or friend in his native land generous enough to avow any interest in himself,

or his concerns. One striking and distressing example of this spirit of selfishness he had experienced, in being repulsed from the house and presence of a brother of his late father's, who, being childless, had intended, up to this time, to have made Logan his heir. The trial, by which he was so much a sufferer, had been conducted under circumstances, not only illegal, but most harrowing to his feelings. We are informed that the Scottish laws had never before admitted of trial after death, nor against the heirs of any person, saving such as had been "notour traitors" during their lives. Yet, in this instance, this just rule was innovated; and, in addition to all the aggravating circumstances attending the breach of justice, the body of old Restalrig, after its inhumation for nearly three years, was disinterred, and, in the loathsome state to which it was then reduced, exposed to the light of day in open court—the head, after condemnation, being severed from it, and affixed to the tolbooth, between those of Gowrie and Sprott.

It was after this trial, as we have said, that we now follow the fortunes of young Logan, as, with

a favourite dog, of a most diminutive size, under his arm, he took his way, habited for a journey, through the most obscure wynds of old Edinburgh, from the house where he had for some weeks resided, in the High Street, to a stable-yard of the Abbey Port, whence he had bespoken a hack-horse to carry him from the capital of his country, as he then wished, and supposed, for ever. Many and remarkable were the changes that had taken place on him who is to be the hero of this story, since we last parted with him. The slender and animated youth of sixteen had now become an athletic man, graceful and manly in his proportion, and on whose features, noble and prepossessing by nature, were now legibly written the struggles of a lofty soul with overwhelming adversity : For, that inherent courage, and disinterested spirit, which were capable of supporting him under all the privations of an honourable poverty, quailed before the prospect of indigence, when coupled with disgrace. The first hours of certainty as to his disastrous fate were spent by Logan in a state of mind so darkened by despair, that the very foundations not only of his mental,

but his physical powers, appeared to be shaken, and a fit of violent fever was succeeded, for a short space of time, by entire exhaustion. Strong minds do not, however, long permit unopposed sway to useless regret, and he speedily roused himself to the consideration of some plan for his future course.

Among those of his countrymen who had formerly professed themselves the friends of himself, and of his father, we have said that all were regardless of his sufferings. There was one person, however, in England, high in courtly favour, who had written to him twice since his arrival in Scotland. This was Sir Robert Carey, the youngest son of that Lord Huntsdon who is, at this day, perhaps more generally known as one of the characters in *Kenilworth*, than from the historical notices of him as the chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth, and the peculiar guardian of her person in court and camp.

Sir Robert, in these letters to Logan, had promised to do all that lay within the compass of his power to promote his interest, while he hinted, though somewhat darkly, that much might proba-

bly be done through the medium of powerful friends, whose names it would be imprudent to mention as being inclined to favour him under his present circumstances. These letters contained the only drop of balm that alleviated the sufferings of Logan, at a time when despair had nearly conquered him ; and when he began to recover from his severe illness, they were the first consideration that tended to furnish his mind with some portion of its wonted energy. This kindly interference of Sir Robert Carey would have been matter of much surprise to Logan, had he considered that gentleman as merely in the light of guardian to a young lady to whom he had been early betrothed ; not being able to suppose for a moment that Sir Robert could now wish this long existing contract to be fulfilled, from its not being in any way binding, since his forfeiture, and every worldly motive, on the lady's side, forbidding its accomplishment. Yet Sir Robert was urgent for his immediate presence in London ; and Logan was struck with the idea, that the queen, with whose most secret thoughts he had become so strangely acquainted on the night of his short sojourn at Holyrood (as detailed in our

previous story), might take a generous interest in one now so innocently involved in the fate of the Earl of Gowrie, whom she firmly believed to have fallen a victim to the King's hatred. He thus hailed the thought with rapture, that, through her Majesty's secret influence, the stigma might possibly be taken from his name, and consequently the bar removed which was then placed across his honourable exertions, and which was, in his estimation, harder to submit to than that poverty which was one of its consequences ; though it is unnatural to suppose, that the loss of his property was not deeply felt by a young man, whose liberal disposition and experience in the world had taught him the full value of wealth.

But we now return to him, as he was taking his way with steps rendered unsteady by his late illness, and with eyes bent on the pavement, to the place where, as we have before mentioned, the horse awaited him on which he was to leave the city. On entering a low public house attached to the stable-yard, to inquire if his steed were in readiness, he was delayed in this purpose for a few moments, by overhearing a conversation in which he was himself

named. It was carried on between two men who were sitting with drinking flagons before them, at a small table in the little dirty apartment, on the door of which he had rapped unheard, and into which he had a view from the dark entry where he stood. One of these men sat with his back to the door, and appeared a very Hercules in his dimensions, having his enormous back and broad shoulders, round which was flung a checked worsted plaid, surmounted by a head clotted with a thick coat of shaggy yellow hair. This man, of whose face Logan could not catch a single glance, from the position in which he himself stood, was holding forth, in earnest accents, while he flourished, almost in the face of his companion, a fist whose gigantic dimensions seemed to threaten annihilation to that unfortunate wretch on whom it should descend in ire. Nor were its near approaches apparently much relished by him whom it seemed to threaten ; for he constantly drew back with a start, whenever it approached him. It was the discourse of this person which, we have already said, arrested the attention of Logan, the following being the first words uttered so soon as he had reached the door.

“ Haud yere ill scrapit tongue, I tell ye, anent auld Restalrig,” said the man who sat with his back to the door, addressing the little puny pale-faced figure who was opposite him. “ Haud your tongue, I tell ye, or deil be in me if I dinna drive yere teeth out ower your throat. Ye hae forgotten the last night already, when I held ye by the weasand aneath the table till ye checpit like a field mouse.”

“ I'll no eat in my words again for a' that,” replied the little man who was landlord of the house, “ sae ye need na shake yere neive at me. I tell ye again he was a camstarie neebour while he lived, and he's a grawsome sight now he's gane, and his auld head stuck on the tolbooth, grinning like a brock in a trap. But I'll tell ye what's mair to the purpose than I've tell't ye yet ; and that is, that I winna let away my *naig* with the young laird, as ye ca' him, without kenning wha's to bring him back, and without the siller in hand for his hire ; for wha kens but he may ride off the country upon him, and where syne shall I look for remede. I'm but a puir man, and maun be cautious.”

“ Ye hae said it,” returned his antagonist, with

the utmost scorn, “ ye are a *puir* creature indeed , but now tak, I beseech ye, a fool’s advice, and dinna ye be sae precepitat as to tell the young laird sic a tale when he comes ;” and here he concluded by an intimidating flourish of his brawny fist, which he assured him, in case of his insulting young Logan, he would make his *caution* that he should not commit the same fault again.

The host was about to answer, when Logan entered the room ; but apparently awed by his appearance, he remained silent, and rose from his seat, when the man whose back was to the door rose also, and having lifted a broad brimmed bonnet from the table, thrust his head deeply into it, and pulling it down almost over his eyes, he turned round and accosted our hero :

“ If ye are the young gentleman that hired a horse fra this man till gang to Berwickshire,” he said, “ it will be an obleegement gin ye’ll let me bring back the naig, for I’m just gaun east that road mysel, and I’ll call for him wherever ye like to name, and tak in hand to deliver him safe till this ceevil man here. Sae, Sir, gin ye will stap this way, I’ll bring out the beast, and haud yere stirrup mysel.”

“ I thank you, my good fellow, and I willingly accept of your offer,” said Logan, in whose mind many feelings were contending ; but where, for the present, good will toward the person who had espoused his father’s cause and his own, was predominant above that feeling of mortification which, in spite of himself, had been engendered by the words of the stabler,—whom he made a point of paying for the hire of the horse before he started,—referring him to the person who had offered to bring him back as surety for his safe return.

“ Oo aye,” said the man so referred to, “ I’m a kenned person that’s to be trusted i’ the matter, and he’s no feared for the beast, I’se warrant him. Ye ken I’m able for ye ? div’ent ye ?” said he, with a sly sneer which, had Logan not heard the conversation before his entry, he would have been at a loss to comprehend, but at which, as it was, he could scarcely forbear smiling. In five minutes after this, Logan’s sturdy auxiliary having, without leave asked or given, changed the saddle and Logan’s small walise from the horse intended for him to the back of the best steed of the stud, brought him, maugre the opposition of his owner, to the door

where Logan stood ready to mount. He had no sooner done so, and directed his bonneted friend where to find the horse, and was searching for his purse to bestow some money on him, than the honest fellow, wishing him a good journey, drew his plaid tight around him, and darted out of sight with the rapidity of an arrow. While in the house, Logan had been prevented from seeing this man's face, when he rose at his entrance, partly by the darkness of the place, occasioned by a dense cloud of dirt which obscured its only window, and partly by the haste with which he assumed his bonnet. And now, when mounting his horse, in open day, the before-mentioned bonnet being drawn over his brows, and the plaid covering the under part of his face, Logan was unable to make any observation on it. It, however, struck him forcibly, that this man's voice and appearance had, at some distant period, been familiar to him, and he felt sorry that he had not put some questions to him by which he might have known whether or not he was right in this conjecture. Not expecting to arrive so speedily as to give him an opportunity of seeing him at the place where he had arranged to leave the horse, which

was in the immediate neighbourhood of Fast Castle, a fortalice, or place of strength, situated on the sea-coast of Berwickshire. This old fastness had been the place amongst all his father's residences, to which he was, from early recollection, most attached. He had therefore determined to visit it once more before quitting Scotland, never more to return, unless enabled to do so, at some future period, when Providence and his own exertions should enable him to redeem his honour. Thus swayed by an irresistible impulse to bid it farewell, he journeyed toward this point of attraction, intending to take shipping for London, at the same small sea-port in its vicinity mentioned in our first chapter as the dwelling-place of the author of his misfortunes. As he rode slowly on, he continued to revolve in his mind the many plans for his future conduct that had occupied him, since his reason was sufficiently restored to admit of their cool consideration. But still they all so necessarily hung upon the result of his visit to London, that he felt a degree of impatience to begin his voyage, which nothing could for a moment have counteracted, except his longing desire to visit the place

to which he was now bending his course. Urged on by this motive, he continued his way. Having crossed the boundary line that divides East Lothian from Berwickshire, he arrived, some time before sunset, at the ancient pass of the Paths or Peaths (now called Pease), where the whole line of sea-coast from thence as far as the headland of St Abbs, lay within sight, stretched out to the left. The lands bordering on its shores had been, far as his eye could reach, part of his ample patrimonial domain. There he stopped his horse, while he cast his glance along this rugged coast, washed by the waves of the German Ocean. Here he discerned far to the east, and near to the bold promontory of St Abbs, the comparatively low and isolated rock on whose immovable foundation stood the time-worn tower which, for centuries, had been the vaunted fastness of his brave ancestors, and which, before the use of cannon, was one of those impregnable border fortresses that had caused so much trouble to the English. This view arousing his most poignant feelings, and putting to flight, for the time, the uncertain hopes he had been endeavouring to cherish, his brow became sternly over-

east, and a feeling of indignation, almost amounting to rage, took possession of him. For, in that short view of a scene so well remembered, the lost happiness of past years, the misery of the present, and the darkness that rested on the future, were all concentrated in one small point of time. As he earnestly gazed on the distant old tower, he murmured to himself, “ And is it so that ye are no longer mine, but have passed away from me for ever, by the base joggle of a legerdemain trick ? Would that it were now, as in times past, when that old castle, and a few stout hearts, were sufficient protection against oppression and wrong ; for sure the open feuds of our warlike ancestors are ill exchanged for this hollow semblance of peace, when the cruel policy of a wily despot leaves to the injured no means of redress.” Yet this ejaculation of Logan’s was but the hasty expression of irritation ; for, in his cooler moments, he was incapable of wishing, for the sake of his own private interest, the involvement again of his native kingdom in all the miseries it had experienced during the preceding reigns, when every man’s hand was against his neighbour, and rapine and violence had rent it

in pieces. A few minutes sufficed to make him feel the vain impotence of such ejaculations, and he began to descend into the deep and narrow valley, whose nearly perpendicular sides were cut, as its name denotes, into various paths, and of which memorable, but somewhat ludicrous, mention is made in a curious relation entitled, “*The Expedition into Scotland* of the most *worthily* fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset.” By one of these paths, Logan was conducted to the bottom of the deep ravine under the shade of the trees which did then, and still continue, to clothe its precipitous banks. There a small rivulet of pure and sparkling water, just about to be lost in the boundless ocean, offered to his feverish lips the refreshment of a cooling draught, after having ridden on from Edinburgh, without making a single halt, under one of the hottest suns that is ever experienced in a Scottish summer.

The place where Logan had appointed to leave the horse, and which he was now fast approaching, was a small hamlet situated on a plain raised a little above the level of the sea-beach, and lying at the foot of a chain of high grounds, the last of

which, towards the east, terminates in the headland of St Abbs. This is a noble promontory, said to have taken its name from Ebba, the abbess of a neighbouring convent, who lived as early as the year 870. The small assemblage of huts to which he now took his way, lay embosomed in a thick cluster of large trees, of which the small but venerable remains are yet to be seen, and which, though growing so near to this exposed coast, and subject to all its biting blasts, then remained uninjured by their violence. The humble habitations they served to shelter were those occupied by the deceased Restalrig's former dependents, whose occupations brought them more immediately into contact with the inhabitants of the Castle, but who were not admitted as members of the household. Our hero now beheld the smoke of their peat-fires beginning to ascend, in a curling vapour, above the small wood which concealed their dwellings, betokening to him, who was well acquainted with their domestic habits, that they were returned from their daily labours, and had begun to prepare their evening meal. It was not his wish to be recognised by any of these old

dependents, knowing, as he did, full well, that his present frame of mind was ill calculated to stand the affectionate clamours of their acknowledgment for past favours ; for he had done much, by proxy, since his father's death, to better their condition, while the thoughts he had cherished of the future benefits he had intended to bestow on these old and faithful dependents, came over his heart with a sickly remembrance. But being determined to pass on foot to Fast Castle and thence to Eyemouth, on the same night, there was a necessity for his speaking to some one who could take charge of his horse, that he might be found there by the man who had promised to call for him.

On arriving at the little clump of trees, Logan dismounted, and stood for a short time irresolute, when a sharp-looking boy, about twelve years of age, issued forth from the ensconce^{ment} formed by a thick thorn hedge, of whom he inquired if Roger Dewlap still resided there. Being answered in the affirmative, he delivered the horse to the boy, with charge to give it to the person who was to call for it, as likewise some money for him, and a small piece of coin for himself ; he also request-

ed the boy to lodge the horse in the stable of the aforesaid Roger, and to tell him that a gentleman had passed on to Fast Castle, who, as he wished specially to see him, would await him there. Having left this message, he proceeded hastily on his road along the sea-coast, recognising every well-known object, as he rapidly passed it—till out of reach of the observation of the poor people, whom he wished to avoid, and whose little cluster of huts soon lay far beneath him, he ascended the path that conducted him along the tops of the precipices, which, on this part of the coast, beetle over the rocks below. The ground rose the whole way on his right, and bounded the prospect in that direction, where the hills produced a scanty growth of grass, but where the heather, luxuriant in its clusters of glowing purple, clothed the ground, or where the whin, with its golden blossoms, reared its head, trimmed into round hillocks by the sheep, the only objects who here exhibited a symptom of animal life—if we except the far-travelled bee, who buzzed and murmured its delight over the rich stores of mountain flowers which ~~were~~ spread before it. On the other hand,

however, the prospect presented a complete contrast to the confinement and stillness of this quiet scene. For there the boundless and restless deep dashed the shore with its waves in never-ceasing motion. The sun had now sunk behind the high grounds, and no longer shone upon the sheep-track pursued by Logan, but still sent back his rays of glorious light, to be richly reflected in all the varied tints of the rainbow, from the broad ocean, and from the gorgeous clouds that hung above it, and, falling in fitful gleams on the sails of the nearer vessels or boats, made those which formed but specks in the horizon perfectly visible. All around him was familiar to his sight, and he frequently, as he passed along, peered over the impending cliff's into the depths beneath, where every well-remembered rock was instantly associated in his mind with its ancient and familiar name; these names always bearing either some analogy to its appearance, or the history of some adventure that had happened in its vicinity. A strange and undefinable sensation crept over our hero, on finding himself thus again in the midst of his early haunts. Formerly the rugged features of

this rude scene had smiled upon him ; but now those smiles were to him changed into a sullen scowl, where all that he looked upon seemed to speak of an everlasting estrangement from their former lord. For even the parting sun, which would have appeared under other circumstances so beautiful, when gilding the evening with his resplendent rays, and thus promising a lovely morrow, could not for an instant cheer the spirit, borne down by such a weight of melancholy feelings, but, on the contrary, only added to its depression, by a too forcible contrast with the darkness of his thoughts. How often had he, during his absence from this scene, looked forward with rapture to the time when he should retrace the footsteps of his childhood ! But, arrived again at this long cherished home, there was nought but sorrow prepared for him. His hopes were blasted, and his wide inheritance become the property of the stranger.

These desolate feelings were much increased, as he came nearer to the old castle, where, perched upon its lofty and rocky eminence, it yet lay so much below the neighbouring precipices in its immediate

vicinity, that, had those who sought it, not been made acquainted with its singular situation, it might have remained for ever hidden from the view of the inquirer. The shadows of evening had spread themselves over rock and hill, before Logan arrived at the road which led down to the Castle, by a narrow path which was not wider than could conveniently admit of two horses travelling abreast. On one side of this road was a frightful abyss, at the bottom of which lay a thousand fragments of dark and sharp-pointed rocks, heaped together in the wildest disorder, as rent and overturned by the powerful operation of the stormy elements, and over which an advancing tide was now furiously rushing, crowning ~~the~~ craggy summits with its white foam, and throwing up its broken waters, to descend again in innumerable rills down each channel and crevice of their rugged sides.

Logan quickly traversed this pass, which he remembered with such accuracy, that, although from the shade in which it now lay, almost complete darkness had settled on it, he felt no tread of danger. And now he at length stood upon the

draw-bridge, which, being down, formed the only communication with the building ; the narrow isthmus, which had once connected the rock on which it stood with the main land, having been cut from its former level to that of the beach below, that it might give place to the draw-bridge. On trying the gate that opened to the bridge, he found it fastened, nor did the repeated blows with which he assailed it, or his reiterated shouts, produce any effect, save that of sending their sounds to be echoed from one surface of rock to another, or returned with still louder repercussions from several deep caverns at their feet. Nothing could exceed the appalling desolation with which these hollow sounds struck upon the heart of our hero, and he at length desisted, from a conviction that the place was entirely deserted. Quitting the gate, he ascended a little grassy hill in front of it, where the ground, for a short distance round it, arose less abruptly, and where he sat himself down on the stone margin of a well which was wont to supply the castle with better water than was to be procured within the building. From this seat he commanded a near and opposite view of the old hold,

which then still exhibited one of the strongest specimens of military architecture, bidding fair to last as long as the rock on which it was founded, but which, at this day, in its fallen towers and ruined walls, impresses forcibly on the mind the unequal strife of human labour with the resistless attacks of devouring Time. The projecting rock on which the building was placed, was, as we have said, cut off by the ravine or ditch over which the draw-bridge was thrown, from any accessible communication with the main land, and was surrounded by a wall of immense thickness, which inclosed the entire top of the rock, and formed the eastward defence, having on it two towers, which flanked the draw-bridge on either side. Within this wall, and at a distance of some twenty feet from it, was another, which inclosed a strong square tower or citadel, furnished with a turret at each corner. At the back of this tower, where the rock was somewhat inclined toward the sea, as it ran out in a narrow point, was placed a dwelling-house, where the family of the late Restalrig had frequently taken up their abode, and which, as the ground we have said fell in that direction, was

completely screened from assault by the tower on the landward side, while the perpendicular rock on which it stood, and which was in several places strengthened by small towers round its massive outward wall, bade defiance to attacks from the sea, which roared beneath at the distance of 200 feet. Indeed so great had been the strength of this place, that although taken by Patrick Dunbar, son of the Earl of March, in 1410, who commanded a considerable force, it was only by surprise. The most extraordinary proof of its strength, among many recorded by ancient writers, was, however, given, while it was in the possession of the father of our hero, about eight and thirty years previous to the period of which we are writing. At that time, the late Restalrig, being in the prime of his days, his vigorous and somewhat turbulent spirit was encouraged by means of a numerous set of retainers, and the possession of this giant-den, to carry on a predatory warfare on the English border; in which, however extraordinary as it may now appear in point of fact, many of the highest born and noblest spirits of that barbarous age shamed not to engage. From his part in one of these incursions on the op-

posite borders, where much devastation had taken place, he became so obnoxious to the English Government, that, being determined to possess Fast Castle, Sir William Drury, governor of Berwick, took with him the incredible number of 2000 soldiers, to subdue a place commonly garrisoned by ten or at most fifteen men. This was a force, aided by cannon, that could not be resisted, and the castle was in consequence surrendered ; but was soon after restored by the English, upon some accommodation taking place between the two governments, in respect to the border fortresses. If Restalrig had been thus troublesome to those whom he considered the enemies of his country, he had not, when prompted by revenge, shewn much more deference toward those of his own country, and had even gone so far as to assert, at different times, his own independence in opposition to the will of his sovereign : the last instance of which contumacy, was his having concealed his friend Francis Earl of Bothwell, in this very place, while that nobleman lay under the king's heavy displeasure, as well as under the ban of both civil and ecclesiastical law. It was these, and such like traits in

his bold and daring character, that were alluded to by the tempter of Sprott, in his first meeting with him, and which, as he foretold, did indeed give the colour of truth to the accusation of treason brought against him.

But we return to his son, who was now paying the penalty of his father's conduct, and whom we left sitting on the side of the castle well, contemplating the alterations which had taken place in the circumstances that formerly connected him with this sea-beaten residence, which he had long loved so well. There was little difference in the external appearance of the fortress, its own rude strength seeming to bid defiance to decay, as if it partook of the character of those imperishable objects, the rocks and the ocean, by which it was surrounded. Every part of the scene in which he sat, was coupled in his memory with all that is heart-stirring in the life of a spirited and animated lad, and, as he looked around on the well-known objects, his former feelings in some measure returned. Again he seemed to see his father's gallant pack of hounds thronging along the narrow draw-bridge, and heard the rocks and caves once more re-echo to their deep-

mouthed chime, and to the horns of the hunters. He beheld them winding their perilous way up the devious path-ways of the neighbouring precipices. Anon, he was following hard upon the heels of the foremost dogs, and engaged in one of those desperate chases that led him to the very edge of the neighbouring precipices, which the bravest must have shuddered to approach. Again the scene changed, and he looked up, and beheld high above him the eyrie which he had prided himself on yearly reaching, that he might possess himself of the young goshawks, whose parents found thus no safety for their brood in the tremendous and giddy height at which they had placed them from the beach below. And well did he remember the throb of heart-felt delight with which, on regaining the summit of the cliff, he exhibited his prize, and listened to the shouts of triumph with which the hardy domestics, his abettors and assistants in the dangerous undertaking, hailed their adventurous young lord. While these joyous acclamations seemed yet to ring on his ear, he again turned his regards toward the dwelling from which he was for ever excluded, and no trumpet could have spo-

ken louder of sorrow and disappointment, than its desolate silence. It was as though one long buried had awakened, to experience the changes and devastations of a century. He thought on the long line of his noble ancestors, by whom the blood in his own veins was mingled with that of the royal Bruce—of their martial bravery, and the high stations they had been called on by their country to fill,—and he thought on them with envy, as on those whom Providence had permitted to descend with honour to their graves. Next, his mind reverted to that parent, who was ever indulgent to his wishes, and then to his death-bed, from which, as it now seemed to him, he had unnecessarily absented himself, by his love of travel, and by following his own wayward humour, in opposition to what he had reason to suppose had been the wish of his father for his return. He then followed, with his mind's eye, the funeral procession, up these rocky paths, to that grave where no son had attended to lay the head of his parent in the dust. Then shot through his burning brain the recollection of the inhuman violation of that grave, and of the ghastly head, with its

grey hairs streaming in the winds, now affixed to the walls of a prison, an object of horror to some, and of derision to others,—and this for an imputed crime, of which he felt an inward assurance his father had not been guilty.

Thus, the gratification of the earnest wish he had cherished to tread again the hallowed earth on which he had played in childhood, was the means of conjuring up a thousand distracting thoughts; and, no longer able to controul his feelings, or silently endure his wretchedness, he again gave way to his irritated mood, and spoke aloud: “ Shall I, then, tamely bend my neck to the yoke of fell despair,” he said, “ and sit me down and die by inches? No! by the help of Heaven, I will yet be heard; and both kingdoms shall ring with my wrongs, till some reparation be made for the injustice done me.”

“ Jeest sac, sir,” said a rough voice close behind him, “ for, ‘ Hae ye gear or hae ye nane, tyne heart and all’s gane;’ and I trust that ye’ll ding a’ the scoundrels yet that bee engaged in this cheaterie business. By my faith, I wad like na

better nor to play my part in a stramash amang them."

Logan looked round and beheld his bonneted friend from whom he had parted in Edinburgh ; but though, as we have said, he felt some curiosity with regard to him, as well as a great share of good will, he yet was not altogether pleased at having his late soliloquy overheard : and, following the impulse of the moment, he demanded, rather sharply, what had brought him there, as he had left his horse, along with the payment for his trouble, at the appointed place.

" Ay," said the man, " sac I understand ; but gin I had been nathing mair to ye than ye wist, I wadna hae fashed to follow ye to this eirie place."

" Why, who, then, or what are you?" said Logan, looking up at him with more attention ; when the man, taking off his broad-brimmed bonnet shewed the features of that very Roger Dewlap whom he had desired to follow him.

" Hah ! my trusty old friend Roger," said Logan, as he seized his hand, and shook it with a convulsive grasp ; " it was you, then, with whom

I spoke in Edinburgh; and it must have been you whom my foolish landlady told me she had kept from seeing me in my late illness."

" Troth and that it was," said Roger, as he again replaced his bonnet on his head, to hide the drops of brine which had escaped his eyes on being thus kindly recognised by his master; " but had it no been that she tell'd me it was your ain pleasure no to see me, after ye ken'd wha I was, it wadna hae been a hale regiment of sodgers, let be a clarty dame like her, **that should hae** keepit me frae you. One while I thought for certain ye cou'dna be in your right mind, when ye forbad yere auld servant to see you; and then, again, I said to myself, it's a queer warld this, and wha kens what unsonsy fashions he may hae learned in the countries ower the sea where he's bidden sae lang; sae I didna bode mysel' upon yere honour, but watch'd ye weel for a' that, and cast mysel' in the way, when I ken'd ye was to call for the naig, that I might see ye get ane to yere pleasure; and I've ran a gude part of the way from Edinburgh that I might see ye again, thinking it

wad be here ye were coming ; but when they tel'd me it was twa hours since ye were doun at the toun, I turned feared for missing ye ; sac I only took time to bring the keys," said he, as he held up several of large dimensions, depending from a piece of rusty iron chain, " and some sma' thing, the best nae doubt that the toun afforded, for your honour's supper, that I hae in this wallet," and he turned a sort of satchel to the front, which he had slung over his shoulder.

" *Waes me*"—he continued, in accents which, though they conveyed to the heart of his master a conviction of deep feeling, sounded much like the growling of a bear—" *Waes me* that I su'd live to see sic a sorrowfu' hame-coming, ' But a wame fu' o' grief never paid a plack o' debt ;' and I hope, as yere honour said, ye will gar them a' look about them yet for this foul wrang. But ye maun eat and ye maun sleep; sac, an' ye please to enter the auld hold ance mair, I'll mak ready the apartment ye used to lie in before ye gaed awa', having the liberty o' the keys, as ye see, for they were gien up to me some days syne by

ane o' the Lords o' the Preevy Council, as they ca' it, wi' directions to keep the gates fast till further orders."

Poor Roger had here unwittingly touched on a jarring chord; and Logan replied with bitterness, "Fast be they kept then, for my entering them would serve little but to increase feelings that have been already but too much awakened. I will not enter them."

"Will your honour be pleased, then, to gang doun till the toun (the before mentioned little hamlet); and, as ye didna lang syne mind a hard bed by a time, ye sal get mine, and I'll gar my daughter send her weans till ane o' the nee'bours, no to disturb yere honour."

"Thanks, my good fellow," replied Logan, "but I shall sleep at Eyemouth, that I may be in readiness to embark for London, should a ship be about to sail for that place, where business now calls me."

"And you'r thinking, then," said Roger, who appeared somewhat stunned by this information, "of going off directly?"

Logan replied in the affirmative to this question, inquiring, at the same time, what was likely to become of Roger and the other old servants on the property.

“ Why,” said Roger, “ I canna jeest tell that, for we are resolved no to bide on the ground.”

“ Let me entreat you not to be so foolish,” said Logan with earnestness, “ as to quit your present dwellings on my account.”

“ Why, ye see, sir, I was resolved no to bide mysel’ frac the first, but, nathless, I advised the lave not to be ower precepitat in the matter; but when we reasoned the story ower among ousels, I cou’dna say again them, for they threepit it was na possible to work upon the very spot for fremit folk as they had doon for their ain maisters; an’ that was unco naatral, ye ken, and sae they are ilk ainc seeking out a service for themselves.”

“ O that they would be persuaded to remain where they were born,” said Logan, touched by this picture of their faithfulness to himself. “ But where are *you* going, for you just now mentioned that your daughter has a family of children; sure-

ly you will not think of moving till you know of a better situation for them?"

" I'm no that destitute, thank God, that I should need to bide for that," said Roger; " I can gie my daughter some sma' help, that, wi' her ain wark, will bring up her twa fatherless laddies, sae there's na fears for them. But now I maun speak till your honour anent mysel', for ye maun tak me intill yere service; I'm still, as ye see, a stout bang fellow, and ye'll need a follower that's able to cope wi' thae southland chiels yere going amang."

" Alas, my friend," said Logan, " I must not think of keeping followers until I have discovered some way to maintain myself."

" O sir," said Roger, " ye speak till me as though I was a fremit body a' thegither, and as if ye thought I could tak siller for serving you; and I have tel't ye already that yere ain bounty and yere father's (God saine him) hasna left me destitute o' means, forby the pickle siller gained lang syne, when we were allowed to barrie the biggins of the English corbies."

“ But, methinks,” said Logan, while he modulated his voice to the kindest accents, “ your age, my honest Roger, is somewhat too great for such employment, and for the fatigues and buffets you might encounter in the service of one who knows not what his own share of hardships are yet to be. But,” he continued, “ as I have determined not to retain a servant, you must say no more, for it would distress me exceedingly to refuse aught to one I value so much.”

Poor Roger paused for a short time, while a convulsive motion agitated the muscles of his weather-beaten face, and he seemed to be making up his mind to some great effort. At last he found utterance: “ Weel, weel, I feared as muckle; sac nae mair about that. But now, gin yere honour winna bide here or gang doun till the toun, I maun bid ye fareweel een now; but, before I depart, I wad fain hae ye to promise to tak a mouthful frace this poke.”

As he said this, he took the wallet from his shoulder, and placed the viands it contained before Logan, on one of the broad flat stones that

surrounded the well. Logan, whose appetite, it may be supposed, was by this time pretty sharp, from not having tasted any thing since morning, did not refuse this supply ; and old Roger, who made it his excuse that he was obliged to “ gang hame to supper up the naig,” promised to bring the portmanteau, early in the morning, to the place from whence his master intended to embark. He, however, lingered while he cautioned him not to remain much longer where he now sat, lest he should, as he hinted, see and hear, as he had often done himself, such things as were not “ canny.”

“ O ! I remember,” said Logan, “ somewhat of this long since, when I was a child ; but I thought the spirits that were then seen had forsaken their former haunts, as I have no recollection of them from my own experience, or, indeed, from that of any one, for many years past.”

“ But I'll warrant ye mind the auld story, sir, for a' that,” said Roger, speaking in an under tone, as if afraid of being overheard, “ Ye'll mind o' the tale anent the lady o' aye o' yere ancestors, that

flang hersel', wi' her bairn in her arms, clean out ower the rock, doun till the shore below there? And ye ken it was aye said," he continued, " that her lord, that was kill'd ower the seas, had buried his treasure some gate about the castle, that nane kend o' but him and the lady; and that she cam back to tell where it was hidden?"

" I have forgotten that part of the story," said Logan, " but I suppose she never declared this secret; which, I am inclined to conjecture, was, like her own appearance, a mere fabrication of some weak brain."

" Na, na, that was proved to the contrair," said Roger eagerly, " for your honour's ain faither consulted that great warlock, Napier of Merchiston, anent it; and weel dive I mind the day that he cam here, wi' a' his implements o' deevilry; and, after three hale nights spent in watching, and a' manner o' spells, he tellt yere father that he kenned where the treasure was concealed, and agreed wi' him for great part o' the siller. But Napier broke his ain head, for he insisted on sending for a gang o' his followers and friends to tak

the treasure safe out o' the auld Laird's keeping ; and ye ken this was saying as muckle as that he misdoubted his word, and sae, he got nae time to tarry here, for Restalrig was nane o' them to bear sic an insult ; and Napier was fain till mak off wi' himsel, without mair said, while in a hale skin ; and sae it jeest remains as it was afore, and the lady is come back again, and wanders up and doun, wi' the bairn scraffening and skirling in her arms, as fast as ever."

" Why do you say so ?" said Logan.

" Ah !" said Roger, shaking his head, " I say so, because seeing's believing, for I thought I ne'er saw any thing doun by yonder but the white sea foam, and never heard any thing but the screech o' a sea gull till lately ; but twice ower, at the gloamin', I hae seen a woman, wi' white claithes, that has been as veesible to me on yonder craig, abune yere head, as ye are sitting there ; and, to speak sooth, I'm no unco' keen o' comin' here at night : But, hopin' yere honour will meet wi' nae sic disturbance, unless she comes to tell ye where ye may grip till the siller, I maun be off."

*And leaving thus abruptly his master, who
was engaged in discussing his homely supper,
Roger quickly disappeared beyond a projecting
rock.*

CHAPTER IV.

Oh quenched are our beacon lights— .

MOORE.

IT was a still evening; the moon had risen above the horizon, and was gradually ascending in a now cloudless sky, till the blue waves rippling beneath sparkled like an assemblage of countless gems. Logan, now left again alone, looked on the quiet beauty of the scene, and on the rugged aspect of the old castle, part of which was frowning on him in dark shade, until it seemed as if the spirits of his warlike ancestors spoke to him from its deserted walls, and upbraided him with pusillanimity in thus feebly bending beneath the rod of a tyrant, enjoining him for their sakes to retrieve the dishonour that had fallen on their

name. Wrought up by these reflections, which were in their effects somewhat similar to the nightmare, he removed from his head the hat which, contrary to the custom of the high-born youth of the period, was now unadorned either by plume or jewelled band, and laid it beside him, that the free sea-breeze might play uncontrolled upon his throbbing temples. He sat thus for some time, till, refreshed by the pure and cool air that played over his face, and by dipping his hands now and then in the well beside him, he began to feel somewhat more calm than the sudden rush of his feelings in such a scene had given promise of, and to look around him with comparative composure; as he threw his farewell glance on rock, and tower, and hill. But, roused by an obstreperous bark of his little dog, a wild wailing met his ear, and, on looking up to the top of the precipice that overhung the beach below, he saw the figure of a woman in white approach its brink, and distinctly heard again a piercing shriek. Its appearance, and the sounds that issued from it, were such as his vassal had just been describing; and Logan felt lost in a maze of doubts as to the possibility of the truth of

what he had affirmed. But, while he intently watched this phenomenon, he was certain that he beheld against the clear blue sky a dark figure struggling with the white one, and so blended with it that he could not discover whether it was man or woman. He saw them approach the very verge of the dizzy steep above, as they apparently contended for the mastery ; and, while he uttered a cry as wild as the one that had just met his ear, he felt his flesh creep, and his hair bristle, from the fearful expectation of one or both of them being precipitated headlong to the bottom of the gulf beneath. Finding, however, that this frightful result did not immediately take place, and that they seemed to have receded a little from the edge of the beetling cliff, his first impulse was to reach the spot where they stood, that he might, if possible, prevent the threatened mischief, feeling himself impressed with the natural idea that they were human beings actuated by some extraordinary motive. To attain this object, he was obliged to climb a steep and circuitous path ; but when he arrived on the spot they had so lately occupied, they were no where to be seen. He looked around him in all directions,

but nothing met his eye save the dark heath which formed the sombre covering of the ground. He next listened in expectation of catching some sound that might direct him in his search, but none met his ear except the dashings of the waters on the rocks beneath. He now approached the edge of the precipice, and looked over it, more than half expecting to see some dreadful sight beneath; but there lay the smooth sandy beach, in the little retired and lonely bay, sparkling in the moon-beams, while its solitary surface appeared free from any such horrible incumbrance. Logan stood for some seconds looking down from this spot on the castle below, and the boundless expanse of ocean before him, while he meditated on the strangeness of the circumstance that had at length sent him so far on his journey toward the village of Eyemouth. Wondering the while where the people he had followed could now be hid from his view, or what could have occasioned the cries he had heard, and the extraordinary gestures he had witnessed;—feeling, however, impressed with an idea that some cruelty had probably been intended by one of the parties toward

the other, he determined to pursue his way along the sea-banks toward the place where he was to pass the night, in the hope of frustrating such a purpose; for he thought it probable that he might fall in with them on his way, believing that they must be now hid from his sight in one of the hollows formed by the irregularities of the lands bordering the sea. Under this impression, he began to tread rapidly the wild and lonely way, that, by a path overgrown with moss and heather, led him toward a deep valley, which he well remembered lay at no great distance; and presently, after having examined all the smaller hollows to no purpose, he arrived at this ravine which he recollects as a place of perilous adventure in his childhood, and then associated in his mind with the most terrific ideas from his having seen the mangled bodies of some unfortunate mariners thrown upon the little beach that lay at its entrance from the sea, and where the hulk of their vessel had been stranded."

This dark dell had been ever since said to be haunted by the spirits of the men who perished at its entrance; in consequence of which report,

neighbouring peasantry never approached it after dusk, while some occasional fancied appearances, said to have been seen by those who had unavoidably or unwittingly trespassed on its precincts at such hours, had served to confirm the evil character of the “*Ghaisty Gully*,” as it was denominated, and to spread its fame for many a mile around.

Logan was following a path along its northern side, which he had formerly pursued when in quest of the hazel-nuts that grew on its brink, and which he expected would presently lead him into one that crossed the chasm, when, casting his eyes into the depth beneath, he perceived a little smooth grassy glade, of not more than twenty feet square, lying on the margin of the little burn, which, hurrying forward on its murmuring way to the ocean, trembled and glittered in the bright rays of the moon. On the surface of this little plain were scattered several small hillocks, and on one of these sat a man wrapped in a dark garment, who was almost instantly joined by a female figure, clad in white, who emerged from the underwood, which, in this part of the valley, covered the ground, be-

ing interspersed with trees of great age and large size, though still having the appearance of a crabbed growth, from their near vicinity to the sea, and the occasional blasts they encountered when the valley acted as a funnel to the north-east winds.

Logan was fully persuaded that these were the same people he had been in quest of; but there being no immediate place of descent from the spot where he stood, he crept under the shade of the neighbouring bushes, and continued to observe their motions. The female figure now stood, as we have said, upon the open space, where, from the darkness in which every thing around it was enveloped, the moon-light seemed to fall with concentrated brightness, rendering what passed there as discernible as if seen by day-light. She approached the person who was sitting, and appeared to entreat for some boon which he was unwilling to grant; at least so Logan conjectured, from her twice casting herself on her knees before him, and lifting up her hands in a suppliant posture, while she as often arose and paced with rapidity the small piece of level ground at his side. A third time she returned to him, but, pursuing

this time a different conduct, she took hold of him, and attempted to raise him from his seat, when, lifting his right arm, he launched a furious blow at her head, which, had it not been avoided with dexterity, must have levelled her with the earth. Logan no sooner beheld this than, being filled with horror at the action, he sprung to the top of the bank from his hiding place, and shouted till his voice rung in innumerable echoes from rock and cavern. The man now instantly abandoned his seat, and both he and his companion looking upwards, fled in the contrary direction to that in which the female had entered on the little platform, and he could hear them for a short time making their hurried way among the bushes, by the rustling of the leaves and crashing of branches.

Logan's feelings and curiosity were now more strongly awakened than ever by what he had just witnessed, and he determined to follow them, and learn the meaning of what he had seen. All his attempts, however, to discover a path which led to the bottom of the valley proved unsuccessful; for, having several times imagined he had found one, he was only prevented from falling over the crags

by his clothes getting entangled in the briars and brambles that skirted its verge. Being thus foiled in his intention of descending into the ravine, he proceeded along the open ground that margined it, until he arrived at its termination, a distance of not more than half a-mile.

At this place there stood a cottage, which he recollects as having been occupied when he left Scotland by the man whose province it was to provide the Castle with peats. During this walk he had time to reflect on all that had happened within the compass of the last few hours, and it struck him that, whoever the female in the white garment was, she must be the same of whom Dewlap had spoken; but why she should thus be in the practice of wandering in so wild a scene, as if merely for the purpose of frightening those who happened to be abroad at night, and why submit to be now accompanied by a person who appeared to exercise over her such brutal tyranny, he could not comprehend. Thus continuing to bewilder and puzzle himself, he at length arrived at the head of the glen, and proceeded to listen at the low door of the little cottage, where all seemed silent. Logan,

determined however not to lose this opportunity of trying to satisfy his curiosity, knocked loudly at the door of the hut, when he was answered by the question of "Who is there?" in a soft voice from within.

"One," replied Logan, "who would speak with James Christal, if he still resides here."

"It is long," replied the same voice, "since he left this place, nor do I know whither he went; so I pray you to pass on, without disturbing a sick person who now lies within."

"There is, however, some other information I would wish to gain from you," said Logan, speaking in more suppressed tones, "nor need you fear to open the door, for you have nothing to dread from me; and if you had, you must be aware that it would require the exertion of very little strength to remove the old and frail barrier which now separates us."

"That is true," replied the inmate of the hut; "if I may not, therefore, shun this dreadful meeting, let me pray you at least not to attempt to enter here, and I will presently undo the door, and come forth."

Logan willingly acceded to this proposal, and stood expecting the performance of the promise, while he wondered what was meant by terming it a "*dreadful meeting*." When several minutes had passed away without any person appearing, he approached the window to see if he could discover the cause of the delay ; and a wide crevice in the dilapidated shutter favouring his purpose of observation, he perceived a female clad in white, whom he conjectured to be the same he had followed from Fast Castle, and who had just spoken to him, bending over a man who lay extended on a bed formed of heather. After standing in this posture for a few seconds, the girl (for such she appeared to be) put some wood on the fire that burnt on the hearth, and which formed the only cheerful feature in the wretched apartment that seemed, in as far as he could observe, to be without a vestige of furniture. She then again returned toward the person who appeared to be asleep, and having stooped over him for an instant, left the place, and stood on the outside of the cottage, just as Logan had again reached the door, which she closed after her. Waving her hand for him to

follow, she passed out, and stood at a little distance from the cottage, where the clear beams of the moon fell upon her slender and attenuated form, and on her pale and thoughtful countenance, round which her long black hair floated like a veil. While putting it back from her face with her hand, she said, in a tone of deep sorrow, in which there was also something of reproach—

“ Tell me, in the name of Heaven, whether you are indeed the son of the late Laird of Restalrig come hither to seek us out ?”

The astonishment of Logan at these words cannot be described ; but he replied, “ Rather may I ask you how you know that I am he whom you seem to dread, and how you have divined the purpose of my visit ?”

“ Wherefore,” she continued, without attending to these questions, “ seek out the wretched victims of misfortune, that you may upbraid them with your fate, while their own is still harder, and quite as unmerited ? for I call Heaven, which is my only stay, to witness,” she continued, while she clasped her hands in apparent agony over her bosom, and turned her haggard eyes earnestly upward,

“ that neither my poor old father nor I were in the smallest degree privy or consenting to my lost brother’s sinful infatuation. And oh !” she said, “ as ye care for your own eternal doom, heap not upon us more than we can bear, but depart before the old man sees you. This night hath been the most dreadful to him that I have ever witnessed. He saw you through the hedge at the hamlet below the Castle, and following you thence, he was prevented alone, I think by miracle, from throwing himself over the cliff at the Castle, and perishing in your sight. For, alas ! his wits have clean forsaken him ever since the dreadful death of his son, and he hath often spoken of making an expiation in his own person for the wrongs you have suffered.”

“ It was your father and you, then, whom I saw struggling on the edge of the precipice above me ?” said Logan, “ and if I comprehend your words aright, you must be the sister of that wretched man who died in the obstinate maintenance of a most foul falsehood, for such I must ever believe the evidence he brought forward against my late father ? But for what purpose are you

here," he continued, " or why do you thus haunt this desolate domain at night, for I only sought this cottage in the hope of having explained to me who it was that I had seen in such circumstances of peril as you appeared, not only on the cliff, but in the glen that lies below this place, where you ran the fearful risk, as it seemed to me, of being struck down by the person who accompanied you?"

" It was, then, your humanity alone," she said, " that led you to this spot, and I have wronged you in supposing that you knew and followed us, that you might add to that load of affliction which hath already overwhelmed us? But now that you have so truly guessed who we are, I must still deprecate your just wrath on those so nearly related to him who occasioned your misfortunes. Yet believe me the worst of our misery lies in not being able to credit the guilt of your father, as avouched by my misguided brother, who it is my only consolation to think must have been in some measure deprived of his senses, when tempted to offer his testimony against him who had so long been his patron and generous benefactor."

“ God forbid,” said Logan, much shocked by what he had seen and heard, “ that I should entertain so cruel a purpose as that of unjustly reproaching those who are, as you have declared, innocent of this wrong, and still more destitute than myself, having suffered, as it appears, more cruelly in this extraordinary business ; and be assured that I feel it to be at this moment one of my bitterest privations, that I have it not in my power materially to alleviate your pecuniary distresses, by placing you in a more comfortable situation than seems at present to be your lot.”

“ Ah ! talk not so, although it is nobly said,” replied Annie Sprott, “ we have already been offered such assistance by the Earl of Dunvere ; but my father called it the price of *blood*, and rejected it with abhorrence, and, while yet his senses were entire, fled from it and its offerer with that haste which seemed the forerunner of his present state of derangement.” While the girl spoke thus, there was a heart-broken expression on her countenance, and in her whole deportment, that still more affected our hero.

“ But, may God bless you for such kindly in-

tention," she said, as she again looked upward to that Heaven from whence came alone the strength that carried her forward in the perilous and melancholy duties it enjoined.

"And was it your father," inquired Logan, "who raised his hand against your defenceless head in the valley?"

"It was," said the girl, in a meek accent, "but think not the worse of him for it. He has ever been the kindest of parents, though, as I said, almost ever since that dreadful day, which I cannot name, his senses have been unsettled, and he has so frequently talked of making an atonement, in his own person, for the misfortunes brought upon you, that I am in constant fear of his putting an end to his existence. He has, however, taken it into his head, that, to make this expiation of more avail, he must throw himself over that rock on which you saw us to-night, and from which it was your cries that alone frightened him, so that when I succeed in removing him from this neighbourhood, I shall feel more at ease; and I hope, now that this night's paroxysm is past, to be able to wile him further from this place on the morrow."

“ Might it not have a salutary effect,” said Logan, “ were I to see him, and assure him of my forgiveness and sympathy ?”

“ I should not have dared to propose this,” said Annie ; “ but as your humanity is so great as to prompt you to make such an offer, I shall thankfully accept it, provided it is not taking too much liberty to ask you to remain here till he awakens, for I may not suddenly arouse him from sleep, without bringing on a fit of irritation, which would be sufficient to defeat our purpose, though otherwise, when first awake, he is ever most amenable to reason. His sleep is generally short, and perhaps he may even now be awake : I will step in, sir, and see,—and warn you,” she continued, “ to enter, when I have in some measure endeavoured to prepare him for such an interview.”

Annie Sprott now entered the hut, and Logan again took his stand at the window, being anxious to ascertain how long he might be prevented, by his promise of awaiting the old man’s awakening, from pursuing the remainder of his journey to Eyemouth.

From this place of observation, he again beheld

the girl bending over her sleeping father, who appeared to remain still in a quiet slumber. He saw her next sit down on the earthen floor beside him, to watch for the moment when she might speak to him with safety. The wood which she had thrown on the fire now sent forth a strong blaze of light, and distinctly showed her profile, as she sat with her left elbow on her knee, and her head resting on her hand. Her long raven hair flowed over her shoulders, and swept the floor; but, being thrown back from her face, the small and well-proportioned features were given to view, and seemed so oppressed with anguish, that he could not contemplate them without the deepest commiseration. Nor impatient as he was to depart, could he for the world have prevailed on himself to break the dead silence that reigned in that miserable apartment.

In a short space of time, however, he heard a low and mournful sound issue from the lowly bed, like that of one oppressed by a fearful dream, and saw the old man stir himself. While Annie, in that instant, as with her whole soul, intent on the projected purpose of effecting some great revolu-

tion on her parent's mind, turned to the door-way, and seeming, in her bewilderment, to anticipate the abrupt entry of our hero, shook her hand with a repelling motion toward it, and then instinctively laid her finger on her lips, in token of silence. Logan beheld all this, and heard the slightest movement as distinctly as he saw it; for the glass, that had once prevented the winter storm from finding its way into this humble shed, was now broken, and, in conjunction with the decayed state of the shutter, offered no impediment to sight or hearing. In one instant more he heard the plaintive sounds of the young woman's voice.

“ Father,” she said, “ I pray you to compose yourself; you have again, I think, had some fearful dream; but O, listen to *me*,” she continued, in a low and tremulous voice, “ for I, too, have had a vision since you slept, and it hath been so delightful and so consolatory, that I would fain repeat it. Surely it would impart some of that comfort to you which I have derived from it.”

“ Comfort, comfort,” repeated the old man, in half choked and almost inarticulate accents, —

“ Yes, yes, be comforted, if thou canst; yet it sounds strangely to hear thee speak thus.”

“ Nay, my father,” said Annie, “ do but ~~listen~~ to me. *He whom twice this night you have asserted* that you saw, I imagined, came hither to this sad place of abode, not in anger, but being rather, as it would appear, moved by a noble and pitying spirit; and he spoke such gracious words of sympathy and forgiveness, that I have felt ever since much relieved of my load of sorrow, and all I seemed to regret was that you heard them not.”

“ My poor Annie,” said the old man, “ be not deceived; God and man alike demand atonement for our crime, and that which thou has fancied of him, who hath most right to hate and persecute us, is indeed but an idle dream.” “ But I tell thee thou art to blame,” he said, with frenzied violence; and raising his voice in all the energy of strong delirium, being roused by his daughter’s touching on the chord of his madness. “ He hath this night, as thou knowest, appeared to me, looking sternly, and upbraiding me with my want of resolution to make an atonement by my death, which, again warned by him, I attempted to do,—though the

Evil One, assuming his shape, affrighted me by his horrible howl; and thou, Annie, didst sinfully aid him in his hellish purpose, and prevent me, for fear of your scaith, from doing that which justice calleth for. To your knees, maiden, to your knees, and ask forgiveness for this sin."

Annie indeed threw herself on her knees, and remained silent and motionless for a minute, but this posture of the poor girl was only assumed to supplicate the blessing of God on her newly conceived plan, and to quiet the impatience with which such posture was demanded by her distracted father, who continued all the while muttering to himself, but in such low and confused tones, that Logan could not hear what he said. Presently, however, Annie arose from her kneeling posture, and he again heard her soft voice.

"Nay, my father," she said, "But if he were indeed to present himself at this moment before you, and repeat those same words of comfort, what, then, could you say, or what could you think?"

The old man answered not, but raising himself on his elbow, looked earnestly round the room, and then turned his eyes on his daughter. Before

he could give articulation to what seemed labouring in his brain, Annie, turning her face to the light, shewed it flushed for the moment, with a glow of intense and nervous feeling, as she moved towards the door. Logan anticipated the purposed call, and, entering at this moment, the daughter of Sprott, with a gesture of pleasure, cried out, "Behold him, then, my dear father!"

The old man, on this, sat upright on his miserable bed, and, contracting his grey bushy eyebrows, sent forth a piercing glance beneath them from two dark eyes, that looked like ignited coals, and, no longer tarrying where he sat, in one moment threw himself forward prostrate on the ground, with so violent an effort, that Logan and his daughter both flew to raise him. To this effort of kindness, he, however, offered so vigorous and obstinate an opposition, that they were obliged to desist from their entreaties and their efforts, to recover him from his humble posture; while the poor heart-broken Annie looked on in speechless agony, as fearing some more fatal conclusion to this meeting than she had anticipated. Logan also thought he had presented himself with less

caution than the circumstances demanded. But the voice of the old man so immediately arrested their undivided attention, that they forgot every minor consideration. He seemed to have forgotten their presence for the moment, and, in his usual frenzied way of following up all present effects to their supposed infernal cause, “O voice from the deepest hell,” he said, “ye seek in vain to turn me from my purpose, or to impose on this wronged and generous young man; for expiation must be made.” Here his speech was no longer audible, except at times, when, with his face bent to the ground, they heard him alternately muttering curses on the false fiends who were endeavouring to entrap him, or praying for his own preservation and Logan’s, from their devilish malice. At length he raised himself, and, in a half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, gazed upon Logan’s face.

“ Ah !” he said, “ still the same open brow that was there in his boyish days, when he came to see us in his kindness. But, oh, it is stamped with sorrow now. The sorrow *we* have caused,—ay, ay, I brought him up for the gallows,—my poor

boy hath suffered for my sin ; yet when I have finished it," he said, " I shall be with him ; but what will become of her," pointing to poor Annie, who stood as immovable as a statue ; " yet God is merciful, and she is innocent of our crying sin. Let her belong to God, and he will care for her. It was my care that murdered my son; ay, the father destroyed his only son, soul and body. But it matters not talking of it,—so let the injured go on his way," he said, in a deep and bitter accent.

" Oh," said Logan, " that I could convince you, poor old man, of the deep pity that I feel for you. Your testimony and your daughter's may yet be of some avail, if you do but say, when called upon, what you have now said to myself ; therefore I enjoin you, if you desire to be instrumental in doing me an act of justice, take care of your own life and of your daughter's."

As Logan was speaking, old Sprott looked again fixedly on his face, while the old man's features, as our hero proceeded, gradually assumed an intelligent and eager expression, as if each word was making some new and deep impression on his

disordered intellects, and no sooner had Logan ceased than he exclaimed,—

“ Yes, thou sayest sooth ; I will be chary of my life, that I may perform what is required,—all must be done for justice. I will tell that he was a liar, and that it was my sinful ambition that made him such ; ay, that was it, my pride did it. But, when I have given my testimony, and departed, I will be with him wherever he is. **H**e was a kind son to me, and I *must* be with him : Because, you know,” he continued, seeming to reason with himself in the depth of his madness, “ Because, you know, I caused his sin, and I could not live in Heaven, if he were not there,—yet he hath died a dreadful death ; and when I, too, have made an atonement, God is gracious, and who knows but his mercy may follow.”

Here the poor old man seemed for a moment to feel a ray of comfort, for a softening influence passed over his features ; and Annie, hailing this first dawn of milder feeling, threw herself on her knees before Logan, as if to thank him as its cause. But she was silent, and having looked up at him with an expression of gratitude and love, mingled

with respect, she again, for an instant, bent her eyes on the ground, while her lips moved in thankfulness to God.

“ Now go,” said old Sprott, “ for thou hast tarried but too long in this abode of sin, though it shall be remembered for thee in the day of judgment that thou hast done so. Depart, I say,—go to Him who is set upon his throne as king over us, and tell him thy tale, and tell him I am coming as fast as age and sorrow will permit, to clear thee, and tell, too, the wily and murderous Lord of Dunvere, that I am coming,—go, and the blessing of God go with thee, but I must not say *mine* too, for I am unworthy. I brought my son to death, and thee to poverty and a dishonoured name, and my blessing would turn to a curse.

“ Oh, begone, for mine eyes can look on you no longer,” said the exhausted old man, pointing to the door, who seemed, by the resumed wildness of his aspect, to be relapsing again into one of his most frightful paroxysms of madness.

Logan seeing this, and still feeling impatient to reach his destination for the night, was too glad to be thus released from what had seemed to him,

ever since his first entrance, as a spell set on his free agency. He therefore uttered a kind farewell to the old man, who was now seated on a log of wood by the fire, in one of his accustomed fits of abstraction, from which he was generally immovable for some hours. His daughter seeing this, obeyed a signal given her from Logan, to follow him to the door; and having arrived at the outside of the hut, our hero said, in a voice rendered impressive by the depth of his own feelings, and the momentousness of the subject,—

“ I beseech you to tell me, does your father really know of any nefarious proceeding with respect to my concerns, in which the Earl of Dunvere hath interfered, for so his words seemed to me to infer ?”

“ Oh no,” replied the daughter of Sprott, he knows nought of the Earl of Dunvere, save as him who is supposed to be all-powerful, from his known influence with the king, and his being the accustomed messenger of his pleasure to Scotland. Further than this, I am sure my poor father knows not, though, in his wretchedness, he hath still blamed him, because he thought he could have

saved my brother from"—the word *execution*, which was on her lips, she could not pronounce, but, substituting *death* for it, went on—"therefore, noble sir," she said, "put no trust in aught that the poor old man can say; though, indeed," she added, "his infirm state of mind is in itself such a barrier to his testimony being received, that, if I am right in my conjecture, you only spoke thus to him to preserve our lives."

"I did so," returned Logan, "but still I thought he might know somewhat relating to the Earl of Dunvere's having intermeddled in this unfortunate business. I, however, give implicit belief, my good girl, to what you have said, from having witnessed in you that which I should conceive to be far superior to the effect of the advantages afforded by the situation assigned you by Providence; so much so, indeed, that I own it hath caused me no little surprise."

Annie seemed about to reply, but when Logan looked on her, no sound issued from her lips, though they seemed to move, and he perceived her face, as he thought, still paler, and more death-like. At length she sighed heavily, and making an apparently strong effort, she said,

“ I have indeed been better instructed and better cared for in every way than my equals in life, and I owe it all to the love of him that is lost.”

Here her voice again failed, her lips quivered with a strong convulsive motion, and her struggling feelings burst forth into hysterical sobs and wailings. Our hero stood looking on her with such deep commiseration, that, for the moment, his kind and generous heart would have thought no sacrifice of his own interest too great, could it have availed in assuaging such deep distress ; and the tears that filled his eyes, which his own misfortunes had never called forth, gave testimony to the depth and sincerity of his feelings. Poor Annie, however, speedily ceased from these violent expressions of grief, and said, with the deepest humility—

“ Indeed I did not think I should have behaved so ill, but I could not help it ; and I hope you are not displeased with me, for speaking of one, who, though so dear to me, I know should not have been thus mentioned in your presence.”

The feeling of devoted regard to the miserable man who had suffered, coupled as it was with this

strong sense of propriety toward himself, inspired Logan with so much respect for this poor forlorn girl, that, when he took her cold and damp hand, to put into it the few broad pieces of gold which he could spare from his own necessities, he touched it with more deference than he would have done that of a princess,—while he expressed his sorrow at this limitation of his regard, and, enjoining her to use it in procuring some of those necessary comforts of which she stood so much in need, and bidding her a hasty but impressive farewell, he had turned from her, and was hidden from her sight by some bushes that skirted the path, before she could oppose his generous purpose, or articulate her thanks: And there she still stood, when Logan looked back, as ascending a small rise in the ground, which overlooked the cottage, and there she continued until the windings of the road hid her entirely from his sight, as he pursued his walk toward the little sea-port, from whence he hoped to embark in some vessel which might sail at the full tide, that he knew would happen about five o'clock in the morning.

With this hope he arrived at Eyemouth in less than two hours after starting from the cottage, and entered a small inn on the beach, which was the resort of the seafaring people, where he learned that a little sloop, which had just completed her loading of corn for the London market, was to sail by the next tide. The smallness of the house where he gained this information, and its crowded and noisy state, would have prevented him from thinking of attempting to go to bed, had he been so inclined. He therefore took his seat on a little bench in the porch of its outward door, and gave way to the sad thought, that it was at least possible, he now looked on the shores of his native Scotland for the last time, while he watched for the first indications of day-light, which he no sooner beheld in the streaks of grey light that shot upward in the eastern horizon, than leaving a message with the landlord for Dewlap, to inform him of his having taken his passage, and the time of the sailing of the vessel, he left the house. None of the inhabitants of the little town were yet stirring, and Logan passed along the shore without meeting a single person, and presently gained the

opposite side of the little town, where he beheld another of his late father's abodes. This was the house of **Gunsgreen**, known to the historian as the place from whence several of the fabricated letters of **Restalrig**, already mentioned, were dated, and in a later time as one of the stations occupied by **Oliver Cromwell** on his march into Scotland.

This mansion lay on the sloping side of a hill, divided from the town by the small river **Eye**, up which the tide flowed for about half a mile. **Logan** did not attempt to pass over a little bridge, built where the river, not being subject to the influence of the tide, was always narrow, but remaining on the spot where he first obtained a distinct view of the house and adjacent ground, he stood still to contemplate its well-remembered features. The building consisted of a square tower, which had principally depended on the thickness of its walls for its security against assailants, and of a house attached to it, with a steep stone roof, having its pointed gables ornamented with flights of *corbie-steps* ascending to its chimneys, and with small watch-towers or turrets at

each corner, while the apertures scattered over the walls were of such size and proportion as to give them more the appearance of arrow-slits than windows. This strong and grim-looking residence had formerly been moated ; but the moat had long since taken the semblance of a dry ditch, and a powerful spring that had supplied the water, to fill it, having its channel no longer kept clear, oozed through the soil in all directions, spreading around a bright shade of verdure, as far as its irrigating influence extended. On the side receding from the sea, the ground was thickly wooded, while that in the contrary direction, and the parts that terminated the upland view were bare, exhibiting here and there the skeleton of an old tree, that had fallen a victim to the biting blasts which had passed over it. It was here that Walter Logan had first received the life that was thus early deprived of the consolation of parents and friends, and his fancy reverted to the scene of festivity he had heard described as having taken place at his birth, when he was hailed as the heir of the immense possessions that had now passed away from him. Here he had been welcomed by the noblest and the

fairest of the land, who met to celebrate the joyous event. *Logan* had heard his nurse dwell again and again on the splendour and joy of that scene, as a theme of never-ending interest and delight, and he recollects that it had occupied, in his childish fancy, the place of a fairy tale.

As he now gazed on the spot where it was celebrated, he could almost imagine that he beheld his father's *vassals* crowding the green before him, while loud wishes for his future welfare, and that of his house, seemed to assail his ear. But here the spell was broken—for where were now those parents—and where his own hopes? His mother had not lived even to watch over his infancy;—his father's mutilated remains filled a dishonoured grave;—and he who had been ushered into the world with all this “pomp and circumstance,” was now a houseless and a nameless wanderer, cut off from all the sympathies and charities of his fellow men. Till the period of his unexpected distresses, *Walter's* belief had been such as expressed by the generous *Timon*, that, did his need require it, “men and men's fortunes he could frankly use.” His wealth and consequence had mark,

ed him out as one of those favoured beings to whom the world ever renders its venal homage ;—and how can youth and inexperience suspect the chilling truth, while all things are in league to deceive them, and they are floating gaily down the sunny current of time, animated by the applause of all around them, and fearless of danger ? Can they, then, anticipate the base selfishness they are doomed to encounter, when the tide turns against them, and the storm threatens to overwhelm them ? Alas ! it is then that they are for the first time undeceived, when they stretch out their longing arms, and fix their wistful eyes upon those who are in security, and perceive their cold and repulsive glances. It is then that the first bitter lesson of suspicion is taught them, and that it fastens its withering influence on their souls, to canker and prey on them ever afterwards ; and so it is that many gifted with the noblest feelings of our nature, losing all confidence in their fellow men, have become the most determined misanthropes, and sunk at last into obscure graves, alike unloving and unloved.

Ah, that this consideration could soften the

hearts which the pride of affluence hath steeled against the unfortunate ! But to such hearts vain are the appeals of genius, of beauty, or of wealth, *if bereaved of the mammon which they worship.* Such thoughts as these, alternately urging to fierceness or sympathy of feeling, passed through the mind of Logan, as he looked on this home of his infancy.

Meanwhile, the sun had arisen, and sent his dazzling rays, reflected from the sea, full in his face, and forcibly brought to his memory that the hour was arrived for embarking, which was further confirmed by the tide, that, now filling the bed of the river, flowed nearly to his feet. Logan, without casting another look toward the place which had so long rivetted his attention, whistled his little dog Mignon to his feet, proceeded to the quay, and went on board the vessel, where his first inquiry was after his portmanteau, and the person who had brought it. The former he found safely stowed in his little berth ; but he could obtain no tidings of the latter, at which he felt not only surprise but vexation. He had, however, no time to make inquiries on the shore, for the little

vessel was loosed from her moorings, and, in a few minutes putting to sea, went straight before the wind. This quickly progressive motion toward the point where his only hope lay, together with the refreshing nature of the sea-breezes, produced for a time a more exhilarating spirit than had visited him since the commencement of his misfortunes, and he began to indulge in a soothing reverie, which was for some space unbroken by any sound, save that of the rippling of the blue waves on the sides of the ship, as she cut her way through them. Thus proceeding, with a fair wind, toward the wished-for port, he sometimes walked the deck with hurried and impatient steps, while he marked well, on the distant shores, the progress they were making ; at other times, wrapt in a large cloak, he sought a short repose, or looked upward into the azure depths of the clear blue heavens, where the moon, and the whole host of stars, were shining in unclouded glory. On the fourth day after their departure from Scotland, they entered the river Thames, and, while they sailed between its embracing shores, he looked with admiration on the churches, palaces, and

gardens, that embellished them, and soon after found himself in that populous city to which the sons of Commerce have for so many ages resorted, from every quarter of the globe. Logan's part on this grand theatre of bustle, business, and pleasure, was for the present limited to informing Sir Robert Carey of his arrival, through the channel before pointed out by him.

But having conveyed him safe to London, we shall now leave him, while we pay a visit to one of the royal palaces which then graced the metropolis

CHAPTER V.

We have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cussion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
Had been incorporate.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON a beautiful summer afternoon, while the sun was shooting his rays of unclouded brilliance on the broad and sparkling water of the noble river Thames, two lovely young women looked on it from an open window in the back part of Somerset or Denmark House, the latter being the name given at the period when our story commences, to the palace in which the consort of king James I. then held her court. These young females bore each the name of GREY.

The elder had nearly arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, her features had much of the Grecian outline, and possessed the Italian dignity of expression, blended with a softness peculiarly their own, which they owed to eyes large and dark, the exact colour of which it was difficult to ascertain, *from the shade thrown on them by uncommonly long and thick eye-lashes of the deepest black.* Her complexion, though not what could be called fair, yet almost appeared so, from its contrast with the jet of her hair, which was allowed to play in long spiral ringlets over her neck and shoulders, down to the slender waist which belonged to a form perfectly proportioned, and of almost aerial lightness. Her dress was splendid, according to the fashion of the times, and the usage of the gay court in which she resided,—being a robe of grass-green sendal, (a thin silk then so called), tastefully bordered and edged with gold, to the neck of which was attached a deep full ruff of the most costly lace, that fell back on the shoulders, so as to expose to view the graceful throat, and the jewelled necklace that encircled

it,—while a cimar of white silk, richly embroidered in gold, shewed itself on the bosom, forming a stomacher in front, the upper garment being open from the girdle upwards.

The dress of her cousin, who was her younger by two years, differed little from that we have just described, except in the colour of the robe, which was amber ; while the style of her beauty formed a complete contrast between them, her complexion being brightly fair, with a profusion of flaxen hair, her eyes blue, and her little mouth expressing a playful sprightliness, and giving frequently to view, in the laugh full of glee, or the smile of archness, the pearly whiteness of her small and regular teeth. Her height was somewhat under that of her cousin's, and her figure more full and less graceful. This latter deficiency was, however, only to be discovered when they were together ; for, when separate, so great was her loveliness, and her general powers of attraction, that it was impossible to wish her in any particular other than she was. But the general fascination of her appearance was much overclouded at the

moment we are describing,—her lovely mouth
wore not its accustomed smiles, and there was
spread over her whole appearance a thoughtfulness,
that betrayed itself in her air, her physiognomy,
and her voice, and gave to each a tincture
of languor, and even of gloom, very foreign to
their natural and usual expression. This tendency
to sadness it seemed at present the intention of
her cousin to divert, by occasionally rallying her
on its cause; and, when this method appeared, by
the tears which it brought to her eyes, and by her
continued silence, not to succeed, by endeavouring
to turn her attention to the luxuriant and varied
landscape that the opposite or southern side of
the river presented to their view; which being
then the very reverse of what it is now, exhibited
in place of blackened and crowded buildings, a
wide extended plain, covered with pastoral beauties,
bounded to the southward by the Surrey hills,
then clothed in all their summer verdure, and soft-
ened by distance; the intermediate space being
enriched with fields, gardens, and orchards, and
interspersed with churches, villas, and cottages.

But few houses were seen immediately on the *margin of the river, between Southwark and the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth*, whose venerable and stately towers rose above the wood in which they were embosomed, and so near to the water, that the ancient spires and trees were reflected in its tranquil surface.

This scene, lovely as it was, appeared to create little interest in her to whom its various beauties were assiduously pointed out, in comparison with what she seemed to feel in watching the numerous boats and barges that were passing up and down the river, and which rowed so near to them, that the dress of their rowers, and the devices carved upon their heads and sterns, could be easily discerned. But though the aspect of old Father Thames, thus covered with boats of all descriptions, from the hired wherry of the toil-stained mechanic, to the gorgeous barge of the magnificent noble, was a spectacle sufficiently animating and imposing, to excuse the exclusive attention bestowed upon it by the youthful Hebe we have been describing, yet it was in reality lost upon

the straining eyes that noticed not its general effect—her employment being an anxious and separate examination of each barge that passed, as she frequently leaned forward from the casement, that she might more distinctly gain a sight of those coming down in the Westminster direction ; plainly indicating, by the direction of her gaze, and the evident absence of mind with which she heard her cousin descant upon the beauties of the prospect before them, that she took no note of what she was saying. At length she exclaimed, in a tone somewhat like her usual animation, “ Do, I pray thee, gentle cousin, look at yonder barge, right opposite to the bishop’s palace, and tell me what doth appear to thee to be its colours, for, in sooth, mine eyes are dazzled with looking so long upon the brightness of those undulating waters ?”

She to whom this request was made, raised her white and slender hand, to shade the strong light from her eyes, and, after a short space, during which she steadily regarded the object in question, she replied—

“ Nay, my sweet coz, I wonder not that your vision is injured, were it only by gazing on an object so fatal to womankind, for yonder boat bears on its bow the emblem of their first beguiler ; pray heaven the qualities of its master’s heart be not too truly pourtrayed in his ominous cognizance.”

As she said this, she cast a^ look full of commiseration on her cousin, whose colour was heightened to crimson as she answered—

“ It is then, indeed, his barge ; but, alas ! I know not what to answer in defence of one whose conduct hath given you but too just cause to suspect the sincerity of his present professions to myself ; yet my foolish heart would fain believe, that many men who have been rejected by their first love, have yet proved constant to a second.”

“ And most assuredly,” rejoined her cousin, “ it hath often so happened, without impeachment by the world of either their faith or worth, that they have forgotten a first attachment in a second more fortunate one : Yet you know my sentiments of such recreant knights. What, then,

can I think of a man who has been the professed admirer of half the young women at court? As soon could I believe that the bowstring, from which an hundred shafts had been launched, might retain its original tension, as that so universal a lover could still preserve the power of constancy."

" Harbour not such hard thoughts, I pray you, of one who, I hope, will yet prove himself better than you believe him," said Isabella (for so was the younger of the cousins designated, the name of the elder being Rosa, which had become hereditary in her family ever since the marriage of her great-grandfather with an Italian lady so called.)

" Why, in truth," said Rosa, the miraculous constancy he has preserved for six months past might have almost changed my opinion, had he not still mocked one of us with professions of love while he continued to prefer the other."

" What mean you?" said Isabella, the blood forsaking her cheeks as she spoke: " Do you then believe that he still continues to love you, and that

he is but amusing himself at the expence of my credulity?"

"No, no, my pretty coz," replied Rosa, "it was I that he intended should be the victim of credulity,—my worldly goods were the prize he aimed at, and had you been the heiress instead of me, you would ere now have been his bride. I have for your sake watched him narrowly, and I tell you that he loves you as well as a man can love—who cares more for himself than any one else."

"Yet," said Isabella, "his own possessions are great, and he hath now acknowledged his attachment for me, whom he knows to be portionless."

"That his fortune is large, is surely an aggravation of his conduct, in wishing to sacrifice his preference for you at the shrine of avarice," said her cousin; "and loath as I am to give you pain, I must remind you that he hath not yet offered you his hand."

The boat, which Isabella had continued to watch during this dialogue, meanwhile favoured

by the current, had been rapidly descending in the stream by the aid of six rowers, whose splendid liveryes of green and gold, were now distinctly visible, as well as the twisted serpents, of the same colour, richly gilded, which ornamented its bow.

The barge being nearly opposite to the stairs that led from the edge of the river to the palace, her course was changed, and being brought close to the steps, she remained stationary for a short time; during which, a young man, whose fashionable and handsome figure was conspicuous, even at that distance, rose from the cushion where he was reposing, beneath an awning of green damask, on which his arms were embroidered. This youth, stepping to the edge of the boat, and looking upward to the window where our two damsels were stationed, bowed profoundly three several times, till the tips of the lofty plume in the hat, which he held in his hand, were as often immersed in the water, and he perceived, by the waving of kerchiefs from the nymphs thus addressed, that his courtesy was returned. He then again resumed his reclining posture beneath the tilt, and

the barge launching once more into the middle of the river, shot like an arrow down the stream, followed by the eyes of Isabella, in which were conveyed an expression of admiration and affection, till it passed through an arch of London Bridge, and was lost to her sight ; the bridge being, previous to the fire, by which it was destroyed in 1758, lined on each side with houses, which prevented any view beyond them.

No sooner had the object, which had for some time occupied her whole attention, passed beyond this point, than she turned her regards entirely from the window ; and, resuming the discourse which the approach of the barge had broken off, she said—

“ You are of opinion, then, that Lord Algerton is not sincere in his professions to me, and that some sinister purpose lurks beneath them ; yet I feel at a loss for your meaning ; for, surely,” she continued, while her colour again deepened to scarlet, “ you cannot think that he would dare to trifle with me.”

“ I beseech you, school your heart, however,

my beloved Isabella, and teach it all the scorn due to such a purpose," said Rosa, in a voice of affectionate tenderness; " for I speak in pure love to you : I like him not. I have heard it said, that ' Gold is tried with a touchstone, but men with gold ; ' and, being so tried, methinks he hath come but haltingly off."

" Oh how base would he be, were this really the truth !" said Isabella ; " but, indeed, I cannot in truth think so ill of him."

" Yet this age of bravery in which we live, creates an insatiable thirst in all such as are infected with a desire of keeping touch with its gorgeous fooleries," said Rosa ; " and thou knowest that this young lord prides himself on exhibiting the very acme of the distemper. It is therefore I suspect, that, not having succeeded with me, he may seek to ally himself with wealth elsewhere, while he still feels a preference for you. But ask your own heart if such a man is worthy of your love ; and when it hath answered—as it must—discard him for ever from your remembrance, my sweetest coz, nor let him any longer deprive you of your wonted gaiety."

“ Ah !” replied Isabella, “ you were always so much wiser than I, and have so much more strength of mind, that you never seem to meet with difficulties.”

“ Not so,” said her cousin, while an expression of earnest seriousness overspread her beautiful countenance; “ for methinks the circumstances in which I now stand may well be allowed to be those of difficulty ; and can you suppose that I do not feel this ?”

“ True, most true,” said Isabella, in a tone of penitence, for she had no sooner given vent to these words, than she felt there was more of pettish pique mingled with the praise she had bestowed on her cousin’s firmness, than was either kind or just. “ Pardon my selfish folly ; you have, indeed, much cause for uneasiness, yet I trust you will be spared the misery of finding your affection placed upon one of whose worth there remains a shadow of doubt, and thus escape the snare into which I have fallen.”

“ Content thee, dearest coz,” returned Rosa,

“ for, should my betrothed fail but in one jot or tittle of the pattern so long limned out in my fancy, he shall be ever afterwards discarded from it.”

“ I wot not, however,” said Isabella, “ how you are to judge of his qualities, whom our guardian will not, in his exuberant care, permit you to see, lest you incline to fulfil the contract which he now considers void, on account of Restalrig’s no longer possessing the goods of fortune.”

“ I were most ungrateful, indeed, did I not honour and love my guardian for all his kindness to me,” replied Rosa; “ but no one on earth shall prevent my seeing and judging for myself of the qualities of one so long destined for my husband; nor shall his want of fortune weigh as dust in the balance against my plighted faith, provided I find him such as report hath spoken him.”

“ Recollect, however, I pray you,” said her cousin, “ that Sir Robert Carey hath only invited him here at the Queen’s desire, and at no small risk of the King’s displeasure; and that the necessary secrecy to be maintained while he remains, will

prevent his appearing in public. How, then, are you to meet?"

"Nay, nay," returned Rosa; "my woman's wit must be at low ebb, indeed, if I cannot contrive that part of the matter. So peace, my pretty coz, and patience, and thou shalt see that this boast is not an ~~the~~ one. You, who have ever known my thoughts, are not ignorant of the share in them that Walter Logan hath occupied from my childhood; and shall I now give up the man to whom I was thus early betrothed, because he hath undergone a hard sentence of the law for a crime of which he was innocent? Ah! no, they have but a miserable opinion of me who think I will thus desert him. My fortune is sufficient for us both, and the fault shall be his if he shares it not; yet, it may so happen that we may be separated by his own will, for he knows, as yet, but little of me. He hath not watched for me as I have done for him. For, while the reports of such as knew him in the countries he hath visited, have been anxiously sought after and eagerly heard by me, during the six years he hath remained

abroad, it is more than probable the recollection of me and his engagement have been to him only as a dream."

It is now, however, time to leave the cousins, while we satisfy the curiosity of the reader, by informing him of somewhat respecting their history. The apartment in ~~Somerset~~ House, into which we have introduced him, was one appropriated to the two young women whom we just have left in occupation of it, by the wife of Sir Robert Carey, who had a suite of rooms allotted to her by Queen Anne, as her Mistress of the Robes, or Sweet Coffers (bearing the latter denomination from the perfumes with which the clothes of the Queen were impregnated), as well as in her office of Keeper to the Duke of York, afterwards Charles the First; a child then so weak and sickly that he bade fair to escape in his infancy from the tragical fate that overtook him in his maturity. Sir Robert had married a widow, whose sister, the mother of Rosa, had been the wife of the eldest son of Sir Brian Grey, a stout old borderer, of great consequence and property in Lauderdale.

and the intimate friend and companion of old Restalrig, the father of Walter Logan, who had affianced his son to Rosa Grey, granddaughter, and then heiress, by the death of her father, to Sir Brian ; having concluded this betrothment after the period when mention is made of young Logan in our last story of St. Johnstone, before his going abroad to finish his education, and shortly after he attained the age of seventeen. Not long after this period, the other only remaining son of Sir Brian died also, leaving his infant daughter Isabella, whose mother had not survived her birth, an orphan very scantily provided for, but whom Lady Carey, actuated by pity for her forlorn condition, took under her protecting care. Thus, the two children had never been separated, but had grown up together under the fostering kindness of Lady Carey : and to whom equal attention was paid by Lady Carey and her husband, who, on the death of Sir Brian, was left the guardian of Rosa and her fortune, and who had looked forward to her union being completed with young Restalrig, on his returning from abroad.

The circumstance of the forfeiture of this young

man's fortune, and the attainer of his blood, had, however, entirely changed Sir Robert's views for his ward, and he had recently determined that they should not personally meet, as well as that the contract between them should be cancelled as soon as possible. This was, however, in his opinion, rendered a somewhat more difficult matter than he had contemplated, from his being obliged by the Queen to become the instrument of bringing young Restalrig to London, where it was her pleasure that he should come without the knowledge of his Majesty; partly that she might again see him in whom she had taken an interest, from the favourable impression made on her on the night of Earl Gowrie's murder; and partly, perhaps, from that innate spirit of contradiction and contempt for the authority of her royal husband, which she is so well known to have nourished, and on all occasions exhibited. Be this as it may, Sir Robert Carey, whose prudence in worldly affairs caused him seldom to lose sight of his interest, dared not refuse obedience to her command, well knowing that those who did so paid at a dear rate for their neglect. This scheme of bringing Wal-

ter Logan to London had been privately communicated to Rosa and her cousin by Lady Carey ; and hence the resolution taken by Rosa to see him when he arrived.

CHAPTER VI.

I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up ;
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE now follow the barge, which had been so long the object of Isabella's attention, down the Thames, to a landing-place below London Bridge, on the city side. There, leaving his attendants, with orders to wait his return, and, taking a circuitous rout, Lord Algerton proceeded to thread the mazes of several bye-lanes, where vice and want appeared to have taken up their abode, till at length he stood before the entrance of a mean-looking tenement, whose under windows were walled up ; and, having rapped on the door in a

peculiar manner three different times, he was admitted with much caution by a remarkably handsome youth, apparently a foreigner, who instantly closed the door after him. As he entered a passage, which, although the sun was still shining with undiminished splendour on the outward walls of the house, was lighted by a lamp, he demanded of the youth if he could see his master.

“I will inform him of your wish, my lord,” was the reply of his conductor, whose quick and intelligent countenance conveyed, as he spake, an idea of impudent familiarity.

“Do so, my good Mercury; for I must speak with him presently,” said the young lord.

During this parley, the lad had ushered him into a room at the end of the passage, while he left him to fulfil his mission to his master. This apartment was large, low in the ceiling, and but meagrely supplied with old and decayed furniture. In the middle of the floor stood a table, on which was placed a couple of brass lamps, whose wicks, from want of attention, were nearly expiring in their sockets. Lord Algerton continued to pace the floor of this dreary apartment with to-

terable patience, for the space of five minutes ; but when nearly treble that time had elapsed, without any one appearing, his natural impatience surmounted his caution, and he left the room, where one of the lamps had already sunk into darkness, with a determination to make himself heard. He had not, however, proceeded far, when a panel in the wainscoating of the passage was unclosed, right opposite to him, and a flood of light passed from the apartment within, which had nearly discovered him to its occupants. He, however, as it were by instinct, quickly ensconced himself in a deep recess of the wall, which, from its oblique position, completely concealed his person, while, from its shade, he had a momentary opportunity of looking down into the apartment from whence the light issued. This place descended below the level of where he stood, by a short flight of some five or six steps, and appeared to have been originally intended for a cellar, as it was evidently below ground. He had just time to observe, that the person who had opened the panel, was he for whom he had been waiting ; and that, while in the act of emerging through the aperture, he

was suddenly recalled by the vociferations of several people, who appeared to be demanding his interference in some dispute. Meanwhile, as the panel was left partly open, Lord Algerton had an opportunity, by stepping across the passage, of clearly discerning, to his great astonishment, a scene where many different games of hazard were played by a set of banditti, governed alone by their own laws, while individually they had become obnoxious to those of the land in which they lived. The numerous lights in this pandemonium shewed the pale, anxious, and desperate faces of the losers, contrasting strangely with the eager, flushed, and joyful countenances of the winners, who surrounded the tables ; the intermediate spaces in the room being filled with groupes of lookers on, who amused themselves meanwhile with betting, swearing, drinking, smoking, and bullying, exhibiting in their several physiognomies different degrees of villainy, according to their standing in iniquity. some having their features marked by the habitual indulgence of bad passions, as deeply as by the furrows of time, while most of the younger appeared robbed, by their wretched course of life.

of all the graces and freshness peculiar to youth, and were wasted and attenuated. Many of these men seemed, from their features and dress, to be foreigners, and several of them Jews, who preyed at that time upon the vitals of the country that protected them, by undermining its laws, and robbing its more honest subjects of their property. Yet were not these reflections, however natural, those of Lord Algerton ; his present errand to the house that harboured them, rather leading him to fix his attention on what had, through life, been considered by him as his chief, or indeed his only good, namely, yellow gold. This precious metal he now beheld lying in profusion, and gathered up into many separate and glittering heaps, on the table of an old buffet, whose shelves, to his further surprise, were moreover garnished with a rich display of numerous valuable articles in plate and jewellery, over which, an uncommonly tall, stout, broad-shouldered man, stood as sentinel, dressed in a buff jerkin, braced round the middle by a broad belt of the same material, in which were stuck a brace of pistols and a dagger. This gigantic figure was furnished with a black bushy

head, having a beard and whiskers thickly curled, and a quantity of hair on his upper lip, which nearly hid his mouth. His eye-brows, of the same sable hue with his hair, overhung a pair of dark sullen eyes, whose expression, while his features remained quiescent, was that of a bull-dog's, when lying at repose, inspiring exactly the same apprehension excited by that ferocious animal, of a treacherous readiness to spring upon you unawares, the moment an opportunity offers. This savage figure, in addition to the weapons already mentioned, was armed with a large broad sword, which, from the manner in which it was held, seemed prompt for action, while he appeared as immovable as if cut out of stone. The motion of his large dull eye was, however, seen to follow instantly the movements of any one who approached a barrier of chalk, marked out upon the pavement, at the distance of five or six feet from the treasure which he guarded, within which circle he stood like an enchanted figure in some old tale of genii.

Lord Algerton had but brief time to remark the appearances now described, when the person of

whom he had come in search, once more appeared at the open panel, which he now drew close behind him, and, joining his visitor in the passage, they passed on in silence to the room so lately occupied by the former, which was now nearly in total darkness. Lord Algerton's companion shut the door, and advanced in silence to the lamp, which he set himself to adjust; its first blaze of renovating strength sending forth a stream of dazzling light, which, as it shot upwards, shone upon the face and form of a being, who appeared to have but small pretensions to claim kindred with humanity;—his body bearing no proportion in size to his limbs, from the great distortion occasioned by a prodigious hump on his back, nearly balanced by a corresponding exerescence on his breast, while his legs and arms appeared shrunk and shrivelled to the size of the bones, which were peculiarly large, especially at the joints, his stature not exceeding that of a well grown child of ten years old. His hair, eye-brows, and beard were of a fiery red, which, as the strong light now fell upon them, encircled his countenance with a luminous appearance, that strongly contrasted with the

extreme and livid paleness of his long and narrow face. The features of this strange being bore a prevailing expression of peevish discontent, mingled with the markings of more deep and malignant passions, which nature had so legibly manifested in their formation, that she had left no possibility of their being disguised by any effort of art, and which such efforts did but increase to a degree of deformity too hideous to behold without affright. This appalling effect was much increased, if not principally produced, by the crookedness of his large mouth, whose corners were drawn down, as if in contempt of all the more perfect works of nature, and by the singular expression of his grey eyes, whose every glance seemed a declaration of malevolence. Lord Algerton stood on the opposite side, while this ominous-looking dwarf employed himself in putting the lamp to rights. As he contemplated the extraordinary and repelling features we have just described, an involuntary shudder passed over his frame, and he reflected with horror how entirely he had, by his own folly, subjected his fate to the unlimited con-

troul of this being, in whom many dark misgivings rendered it impossible for him to feel confidence, notwithstanding the nearness of their relationship,—for they were brothers.

“ I began to fear, Humphrey,” said his Lordship, “ that you did not intend to emerge from your place of concealment, and had resolved to seek you there, rather than remain any longer in this dismal apartment, where I was upon the point of being left in darkness.”

“ And wherefore in darkness, I pray you ?” said his elflike brother, in that same remarkable voice whose tones had so much disturbed the unfortunate Sprott ; “ but I had forgot your hands were made for more delicate employment than trimming lamps, which is an office better befitting my misshapen fingers, that can only atone for their deformity by their usefulness. In token whereof, and that they have not been idle since we last parted, here is a bag containing two hundred gold pieces, which thou hast but ill deserved methinks, by transgressing my strict injunction never to leave, without me, this apartment, when once admitted to it ; by which breach of faith thou hast now

become witness to the manner in which the gold thou spendest is acquired. But it matters not," he continued, with a glance of malicious triumph at his brother as he spoke, " for thou darest not betray me, nor canst thou do without the money thus obtained; therefore take it," he said, throwing it at the same time on the table. " Let me, however, advise you not again to tempt your fate, by approaching my den of wild beasts, who brook not the proximity of a stranger, and who, trust me, would feel little scruple in taking your life, did they know, that, assisted by my inadvertence, you had beheld their sanctuary."

" By my faith, then," said the young lord, as he weighed the bag in his hands which contained so considerable a reinforcement to his purse, and attempted to disguise his feelings of degradation and fear under a shew of carelessness, while he still anxiously watched every change in the countenance of his companion,—" By my faith, then, it was so far fortunate that I did not make my voice heard, as I once intended, or that I was not tempted to descend into what appeared the very temple of Plutus, and become a snatcher."

“ Ay, by this light there would be many snatchers among our valiant men of their hands,” returned the dwarf, “ were it not for my dragon. But this is mere trifling, and time is precious even now, while, as thou observedst, the treasury is full. Therefore be brief. How prospers thy suit with the blue eyed girl ?”

“ My suit prospers passing well, but I would know, my good Humphrey, before I profer my hand and *fortune*, what is the scheme of which thou speakest so confidently for the raising up the structure of my fallen fortunes, in this marriage. I relish not a leap in the dark, when I may chance to come by a broken neck as the reward of my temerity.”

“ Content you with my assurance,” said the dwarf, while a transient expression of impatience, almost amounting to fury, passed over his singular visage, “ that, in following my directions, you will both secure the woman you prefer, and the fortune you covet; while I am willing, for the compensation agreed on between us, to encounter the hazard, if such there be. And now I would ask, in what have I failed that you have dared to

become thus doubtful of my power? Have I not hitherto fulfilled all my promises of assistance? And what have you lacked since you sought it?"

" Nay," replied his lordship, " I gratefully acknowledge that thou hast done the part of a loving brother; and as thou wilt not be persuaded to unfold thy plans, I have no alternative but that of trusting to your pilotage to bring the vessel into harbour, which you have so long steered among the breakers, knowing that it must otherwise shortly become altogether a wreck."

" Then go hence, and take my counsel," said the dwarf; " thou hast there the gold to preserve the gallant vessel gay and trim, as it hath wont to be, and let it swim in pleasure; while I, who am not made for day-light, still work like a mole in the dark. But once more, I say, do my bidding, or in two months there will not be left thee so much of thy paternal acres as will cover thee when thou hast hanged thyself. I have talked again with the inexorable old Jew, and he is so determined to take possession, that, when that time hath once arrived, not all the blood in thy veins could procure thee another day of respite."

“ Truly I expected nothing less,” said Lord Algerton, in a voice of tremulous despondence ; “ but yet my blood seems to grow cold when I hear it thus proclaimed. Let me pray thee, good brother, to cheer me again with thine assurance of better fortune, for thou hast so often been my good genius, that I would fain persuade myself to trust in thine infallibility.”

The lineaments of contempt became doubly strong about the lips of the dwarf, while he planted himself before his brother, whose symmetrical figure it appeared his intention to contrast with his own deformity.

“ What more can I say to determine thine infirm spirit ?” he said, in an angry and more than usually harsh voice ; “ Look on me ; behold an anomaly in this fair world, where all else is excellent,—a thing fashioned out of the fag end of Nature’s works, made up of her uncomely and rejected materials,—a wretch whom none have loved, who has been defrauded by his natural protectors, derided, shunned, or feared by all. Then,” he continued, as he surveyed his brother, and enumerated his perfections. “ recollect thine own tall, graceful,

well proportioned figure, which thou hast so often contemplated with triumph; and," he continued, as he seized upon his sleeve, and drew him to an old mirror, before which, with outstretched arm, he held up the lamp on tiptoe, which he had snatched from the table in passing, " and now behold once more that beloved reflection; admire again the high and polished forehead, the hazel eye, the Grecian nose, and the well formed ruddy lips, whose accents are so well skilled to tickle courtly ears. I pray thee compare and well consider us in our exterior, and say, is it he for whom Nature and his partial parents have done all, or he whom they have each defrauded of his rights, who is even now possessed of the advantage?" As he said this he stood again before the lamp, which he had replaced upon the table, and it shone upon such a fearful expression of fiendish triumph, as almost annihilated his brother to look upon.

" Go instantly," he continued, " and let me hear no more of this dastard humour, or, by all the powers of hell, I will (to follow your own metaphor) quit the Iichu, and abandon the vessel to the gulf of destruction." So saying he pointed to

the door, which formed a sufficient hint to Lord Algerton, who, trembling at the portentous mixture of rage and malice that threatened him in every feature of the irritated dwarf, took up the *bag of gold* and hid it under the long and wide boat-cloak that he wore to conceal his splendid habiliments. He then hastened through the passage toward the door by which he had entered the house, and which, having passed through, his elfish brother closed after him with a parting look of contempt, and a laugh of scorn.

While nearly blinded, by emerging like a bat from its hiding place into the full glare of sunshine, and intimidated by the threat with which he was dismissed, Lord Algerton retraced his footsteps to the river. He entered the barge which there waited him, with a full conviction that there now remained for him no other course than to resign his actions to the entire guidance of a person, of whom he could not think without an indescribable sensation of dread. Yet, such was the inefficiency of his character, the fate that his vices and follies had entailed on him, and the desperation to which they had reduced him, that he embraced

even the most unjustifiable means to supply his present wants, or that promised him the means of release from the ruin that threatened to overwhelm him.—But, in order to the better understanding of the scene with which the reader has just been made acquainted, as well as of much that is to follow, we deem it proper in this place to relate the history of the brothers up to the period when our story commences.

The dwarf, who was six years older than his brother, had been, during that space of time, the only son of the late Lord Algerton, and consequently the supposed heir of his property. The deformity, occasioned by a fall from the arms of his nurse while an infant, by which his back had been broken, produced a grievous effect upon his temper, which, from that period, became peevish and wayward, and, as he increased in years, mischievous, spiteful, and obstinate. Nor were these unhappy propensities met by any discipline calculated to remedy their evil effects, being, on the contrary, rather fostered and encouraged by the weak indulgence of his parents and his nurse, who never failed to soothe his fretful passions, and humour his

wildest freaks. His parents being led into this injudicious conduct by their mistaken feelings of pity and affection for their unhappy offspring; while the nurse followed in the same course from the keenness of remorse which haunted her, for having, by her carelessness, inflicted on him an irreparable injury, which she thought could never sufficiently be atoned for by her patient endurance of his capricious humours. But though she continued to bestow upon him such an extraordinary degree of regard as surprised all who were witnesses of it, the affections of his parents appeared much weaned from him, on the birth of another son, who became soon as remarkable for his beauty and good temper, as the elder born was for the contrary qualities. This preference for their youngest child was of course soon perceived and felt by the elf-like urchin, whose malicious disposition was constantly evincing itself toward the object of his envy, in sly scratches, bites, and fiendish pinchings. These never failing to draw punishment on the perpetrator, served to inflame the hatred with which he contemplated the little being whom both he and his nurse considered as an in-

terloper. Vexatious and irksome to the parents as were these paltry manifestations of malice toward their new favourite, yet the children were still allowed to inhabit the same nursery, for the space of nearly three years, after the birth of the younger. But when, for some frivolous cause, the dwarfish wretch attempted, in a furious fit of passion, to strangle his little brother, and had nearly accomplished his object, it so terrified the parents that they no longer considered it safe to keep them under the same roof. They therefore immediately sent away the delinquent, who was nine years old, under the care of his nurse, to board with a clergyman who had no family of his own, and who lived on the borders of Scotland, near to the nurse's place of nativity. This person undertook to give him that instruction which the frail state of his body and the irritability of his temper had prevented his receiving before. It was a task, however, of which the tutor soon became wearied, from the constant and obstinate refusal of the pupil to apply himself to the lessons assigned him, and which he at length abandoned in despair, from the frightful violence of his demeanour when punished for his contumacy. Yet his want of a

quired knowledge seemed but to strengthen and concentrate the natural powers of a mind that was penetrating and subtle, in so extraordinary a degree, that he frequently startled those around him by what appeared a superhuman acquaintance with their most secret thoughts, or their most hidden actions. Yet he could at all times conceal his own, except when revealed by those paroxysms of passion, which, like a hurricane, swept before them all the screens and fences of his art.

Thus, with dispositions which yearly increased in evil, as his body did in deformity, he advanced toward maturity, still under the same roof that had received him on leaving his father's house, which he had never again been allowed to visit. Nor had he, during the space of nine years, beheld his parents more than once, who, having had the worst impression given them of the bad qualities of his heart, were further confirmed in their aversion, by the sight of his increased deformity, and his ill-omened countenance. They thus considered him as a monster, whom, as it was their misfortune to call their son, it was likewise their duty to provide with the necessities of life, but on whom

it would be folly to bestow more than what was sufficient for that purpose. This resolution, as it was made no secret, soon reached the ears of his old nurse, who, retaining still the strongest affection for him, was enraged by it to an immeasurable degree, and set no bounds to the invectives with which she chose to treat every member of the family on the occasion, and, in particular, the junior brother, who had supplanted him.

Meanwhile, this detested brother, favoured by nature with a faultless face and person, and polished by an education more ornamental than useful, more specious than solid, became the idol of his parents, and of the circle in which he moved, where no unwelcome truth was suffered to reach his ear, and no wish of his heart was left unfulfilled. An education such as this did not fail to produce its usual consequences, and Herbert Algerton, who was naturally weak and inconstant, became despotic, selfish, and vain, and at once lavish and grasping. But his parents remained blind to these faults, and it was his unfortunate fate to be left, even before the age of twenty-one, in the uncontrolled possession of estates, which produced, what at that

period was considered the enormous income of £ 4,000 a-year ; his father having constituted him his elder brother's guardian, with full power to increase or diminish his allowance as he might see proper. Herbert Algerton now prepared to take up his abode in the metropolis, which he had as yet only once visited, for a short period, when, accompanying his father, who, two years previous to his death, had gone there to pay his duty to Queen Elizabeth, and carried with him his accomplished son. Herbert was a tasteful musician, a graceful dancer, and a skilful fencer, as well as a proficient in all fashionable games and exercises. He thus excited such admiration, as not only gratified his vanity for the time, but made him resolve that the court should become the future theatre of his triumphs, whenever he became, by the death of his father, his own master. Accordingly, this event no sooner took place, than he prepared to quit the country, in order to put his determination in practice, of residing near to the court. His scheme of happiness was, however, clogged with one cause of discontent. His dwarfish brother inherited the family title, and though

his father had deprived him, by his will, of all his other birth-rights, he had it not in his power to alienate or transfer this distinction to his more favoured son, who foresaw that the splendour with which he premeditated commencing his courtly career, must, by this circumstance, be considerably diminished. After some reflection, therefore, on this knotty point, he determined to pay his brother a visit, in order to impress upon his mind his state of entire dependence upon his will; and, by promises of an increased allowance, and of leaving him to his own guidance or threats of abandonment (if necessary), prevail on him to resign the title to himself, by permitting a report of his death. The dwarf, who was now twenty-seven years of age, and whose rancour towards his brother had still increased with his years, heard this proposal with the deepest indignation, but with an outward appearance of subdued spirit, and a feigned willingness to make the most of his adverse fate, by accepting the terms offered. It was accordingly agreed between them that he should shortly pass over to France, as if of his own free will, and remain at some distance in its interior, which would

give a better opportunity for spreading the report of his death. It was therefore not long after the dwarf had departed from the protection of his ancient tutor, before Herbert was put in possession of the title to which it was supposed he had fallen heir on the decease of his brother. And, as this was all that he had felt wanting to his eclat, he launched forth on its acquirement with redoubled ardour. He became the very centre of the dissipated circle in which he moved, where, as there were weightier purses than his own, as well as more experienced and artful heads, by endeavouring to eclipse the possessors of the former, and cope at gaming-tables and horse-races with the latter, he soon became sensible that he could carry on this mode of life no longer without mortgaging his estate, or bringing it to the hammer. At this period, he was appalled by the unexpected appearance of his brother, who secretly paid him a visit, under the pretence of inquiring into the reason that his accustomed allowance had not been of late regularly paid; but in reality prompted by the minute knowledge he had acquired of his difficulties, by means of a confidential servant of

Lord Algerton, whom he had bribed to give him intelligence.

The dwarf, therefore, seized with avidity this opportunity, which his penetration had long foreseen would be afforded him, to gratify his revenge, and, putting on a hypocritical appearance of good will, by expressing his fear that his brother was suffering under some temporary embarrassment, not only made an offer of not demanding his allowance till it should become convenient to pay it, but also of introducing him to a person who would advance whatever sum he might require. Surprised at this indication of sympathy with his feelings, Lord Algerton fell into the snare, and was soon made acquainted, by his brother, with a Jew, who continued for a considerable time to supply him with what sums he required, on his personal bond ; but when the facility with which he could thus command money had led him into tenfold expence, the Jew suddenly refused to advance him any further sums, unless he consented to deliver up the title-deeds of his estate to him, on which consideration, he promised to give a certain sum of money, and allow a certain time for its re-

demption, ere the property should become forfeited to him : Hard as these terms were, he had no other course than to agree to them.

Thus harassed, he determined, if possible, to repair his fortunes by marriage, and immediately set himself to gain the good opinion of Rosa Grey, whom, as a beautiful and wealthy heiress, it was then the fashion to follow and admire. During the time, however, which he spent in the society of Isabella—for the cousins were seldom separated—his heart became sensible of that preference for her who was portionless, which his necessities caused him to feign for her richer cousin. But it was in vain that he loved the one, or offered his hand to the other. Isabella he could not afford to marry ; and her cousin, having repeatedly refused him, and being still persecuted by his importunities, appealed to her guardian Sir Robert Carey, who, to set the matter at rest, informed him of her engagement to young Logan. Of this circumstance his brother Humphrey had long been apprised, which knowledge had formed one of his inducements to the iniquitous part he had acted with regard to the misfortunes of Restalrig, in pursuance of a

scheme of vengeance he had formed, which will be hereafter developed, and which, as a subordinate part of his principal design, led him to make the wretched Sprott the instrument of that diabolical plot. In prosecuting this design, his motive for the present was the hope of extravagant gain, which had caused him, after revolving various projects in his prolific brain, to hit upon that which he afterwards put in practice. This was, to enter with guarded secrecy into a correspondence with one of King James's most unprincipled favourites, stipulating that a large sum of money should secretly and immediately be paid to him, on his giving such information, and causing to be produced such documents, as should satisfactorily prove to the world the alleged fact of the conspiracy of Gowrie against the King. These conditions being gladly and eagerly acceded to on the part of him to whom the proposal was made, Humphrey Algerton departed for Scotland, and arrived at the cottage of his nurse, who welcomed him with her wonted affection, and who lived in the neighbourhood of the abode where he had passed so many years of his life. This place being

near to the village of Eyemouth, he there concealed himself till after those interviews related to have taken place in the ruins of Coldingham Abbey with the wretched Sprott, whose character was well known to him, as was his talent for imitating various handwritings; this knowledge being gained from his having been formerly employed by the old clergyman, with whom the dwarf was boarded, to teach him writing. Thus it was that Sprott, in whose memory the remarkable voice of the dwarf was still fresh, experienced such terror while in his presence, having, as he supposed, sufficient evidence of his death in his brother's assuming the title. Humphrey having succeeded in his plan, remained in Scotland till after the execution of Sprott, when he received his promised reward. He next returned to London, to hoard with parsimonious care not only the income allowed him by Lord Algerton, but also the sums received as the price of his villanies, in which are to be included what he gained in his intercourse with the notorious characters who met under his roof. These men were, for the greater part, professed thieves, ~~and~~ came to the asylum he pro-

vided for them, to risk at the gaming-table the money and valuables of which they had become so nefariously possessed. But though, to many common observers, the covetous and sordid habits of this strange being would have appeared merely those of a miser, meanly and dishonestly intent upon amassing gold ; yet was this passion, to which he seemed to sacrifice every other, only the means employed by him to forward that revenge, the desire of which occupied his whole soul, and for which he had thirsted from his early youth.

Having now given this account of the brothers, we proceed to see what has become of him whose history is our theme.

CHAPTER VII.

..... Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison ; not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendour.

BYRON.

THE place appointed by Sir Robert Carey as that to which Logan should direct his steps, when he reached London, was, as we have already said, a small house situated in a dark and obscure lane in the vicinity of the Tower Wharf, inhabited by an old Englishman, who had been one of Sir Robert's most active retainers during his abode in Norham Castle, at the time he held the place of Warden of the East March. This man had followed his

master from the north, in the hope of bettering his fortune, and had not been altogether disappointed, for although not included in Sir Robert's establishment, he was employed by him in various services in addition to those performed by his regular household; and, by means of payment for these services, and of a small salary allowed him by Sir Robert, he lived in his own frugal way pretty comfortably. He had no incumbrance except a granddaughter, about fifteen years of age, who, in justice, did not deserve to be so denominated, as she was an active little lass, who kept his house in the best order, and contributed to enliven the hours which he spent at home.

Our hero was received by this old man with every mark of attention and respect; and Logan, having dispatched him with a letter to his master, to inform him of his arrival, waited with the utmost impatience for two days, in the expectation of seeing Sir Robert in his place of concealment, or of receiving a summons to attend him, according to an assurance which he had received by his messenger.

A space of more anxious suspense cannot be

well imagined than those two days formed to our hero ; who, though he was well assured that Sir Robert could not forget him, and that he must speedily see or hear from him, yet felt the hours most irksome. Nor was this at all wonderful, for they were passed in a dark and circumscribed apartment, whose single window, looking toward the back of the house, commanded only the interesting view of a small paved yard, surrounded by a high wall of smokey hue. This complete solitude was scarcely broken by a sound, for the old man was absent the greater part of each day on his own avocations, and the little girl flitted about with such noiseless steps, that, except when she brought Logan his meals, or came to remove the traces of them, he might have supposed himself as far from all human society as if he had been cast upon some desert island. We need not therefore say, that it was with a feeling of joyful excitation, long a stranger to his bosom, that, on the third night of his durance, as soon as darkness had settled down upon this dreary habitation, he saw his faithful host enter his apartment with a large black cloak and mask. He at the same time received

from his hands a billet, the purport of which went no farther than to desire him to array himself in the habiliments he would receive by the same hand, and to follow their bearer, with the hope of speedily hearing more to his contentment.

Few minutes served for the purpose of investing himself in the cloak and mask, and a few more found him arrived, with hasty strides, accompanied by his guide, at the brink of the river Thames, where he had only remained a few seconds, when the measured dash of oars struck on his ear, and he perceived that a boat approached the spot where he stood. It quickly touched the strand, and a man sprung from its bow, and, in a low accent, pronouncing the name of Walter Logan, shook him heartily by the hand, and, with the word Silence, twice repeated in an emphatic tone, guided him toward the boat, wherein, assisting him to ascend, he took his seat beside him. Logan had brief time to meditate on the strangeness of such an introduction to the man he had reason to consider as the only friend he now possessed in the wide world; for the darkness, which had been of that "visible" degree which admitted of a

dim and indistinct vision, presently shewed him that they were immediately under a large and heavy mass of building, which, looming above them, was instantly lost in total obscurity ; and he was convinced by this circumstance, as well as from the hollow sound produced by each stroke of the oars on the surface of the water, that they were entering below an arch of the said gloomy building which he had just observed. The part of the boat in which he sat presently struck against something, and a person near to him seemed involuntarily to pronounce the words “ Traitor’s Gate.” Stretching next across our hero, the same person applied his sword (for such it appeared by the sounds it emitted) to an iron railing that he ran it along, but in so gentle a way as to prevent its awaking all the echoing sounds which would have been the effect of a more vigorous application to the iron ribs of the barrier, whose massive bolts were instantly withdrawn on this signal.

The small space of time which was necessary for bringing up the boat to its landing place, and disembarking the passengers, was sufficient to fill Logan’s mind with a thousand alarming ideas,

nay, with a certainty that he had now passed that fatal gate of the Tower which, once closed on its victim, had become nearly synonymous with that of the tomb. When this appalling idea crossed his bewildered brain it came accompanied with so keen a sensation of treachery in the person to whom he had confided his life, and who had so lately grasped his hand in token of friendly support, that he began to give way to the heat of outraged feeling. He grasped the hilt of his short sword with his right hand, while, with his left, he seized on the arm of his companion with such a strenuous gripe, that the person so addressed, immediately becoming aware of the interpretation put on his actions, and neither approving of this nervous address to his arm, nor the sound which proceeded from the sword that rattled in its scabbard, he replied to them both by giving our hero a slight push from him, and ejaculating, in a voice which, though still scarcely raised above a whisper, indicated a considerable degree of displeasure and impatience.

“ Peace, young man; be silent, ye are safe.”

“ Safe enough, indeed,” thought Logan, “ if my

forebodings are true, for how few in times past have escaped to tell of the secrets of this prison-house. Yet, alas ! what signifies to me this impatient sense of injury, if, indeed, I am betrayed by him whom I imagined my only friend, for, should he prove otherwise than true, I have none other ; and therefore, if imprisonment and death are to be my lot, I will not at least swell the triumph of mine enemies by furious and imbecile attempts to struggle with my fate.

“ Nay, who, or what am I, ”he continued, with all the self-abasement which is the frequent result of deep misfortune, “ that I should repine when I recollect the multitudes of noble and worthy personages that have for ages past been immured within these walls, or who are now within their dismal and hopeless circle ? ”

But though these were the sentiments that he avowed to himself, while he manned himself to bear the utmost spite of persecuting fortune, he nevertheless felt an almost unconquerable reluctance to follow quietly those who, he had little doubt, were leading him into a place, the very name of which was sufficient to inspire despair.

He did, however, follow them, without again making manifest any indication of his feelings, until his conductors led him from the Traitor's Gate to the principal entrance into the Tower, which short distance he seemed to have passed in the twinkling of an eye, when he found himself within the building, and ascending a flight of narrow stairs. At the top of these stood a portly looking man, with an attendant bearing a torch, who withdrew the iron bolts of a door that faced him. During this operation, Logan had time to observe that only two people had accompanied him to the spot, and he knew that one of them was the same person who had remained nearest him during their short voyage, and on whom his suspicions were fixed that he was about to lure him into captivity. On arriving at the before mentioned door, this person stood behind the other who accompanied him, and who was greeted in silence with the most respectful and low obeisance by the portly gentleman that acted as his usher into the apartment he was about to enter. While he was doing so, the person on whom Logan's suspicions had fallen again

scized his hand, and, pressing it cordially, said in his ear, “ Fear nothing, all here are your friends.”

Somewhat reassured by this consolatory address, his curiosity began to get the better of his apprehensions. He felt almost instantly a strong prepossessing interest take hold on him as he beheld a man, about whom there was, at the first glance, a something that powerfully addressed itself to his feelings, rise from a table scattered over with manuscripts, where stood a lamp, by the light of which he was writing when they entered. This person was clothed in a loose dressing gown of crimson velvet, crossed on the breast, and fastened by a clasp; and, as he rose to meet him who first entered, he bowed low and gracefully, and removed from his head a cap of sable, which he retained in his hand until the person whom this address seemed to mark as one of high consequence, desired him to replace it. This desire seemed understood and complied with, more as a command than as a mere act of courtesy.

While the cap was off, Logan had, however, time to observe the high and noble forehead which

it so soon again concealed, as also to mark well the pale and somewhat wasted countenance, beaming with intellect, and clearly to discover an expression of mild enthusiasm, mingled with melancholy endurance.

The object of his interest seemed not much past the prime of life, but his short brown hair was liberally sprinkled with the snowy hue of a more advanced age, while his peaked beard had entirely escaped this grizzled appearance, and seemed, by the extreme care with which it was trimmed and adjusted, and, by its bright hue, still to be fostered and beautified by means of those perfumed essences then so much in use. That this prisoner was a man of quality, Logan could not doubt; for his whole demeanour must have impressed the truth of such an idea on any stranger competent to judge of his appearance. Logan was looking on him, as drawn by a magnet, when his whole attention was suddenly diverted toward the person to whom this gentleman had uncovered his head, on their entering, and who had been addressing him in so low a voice as to render what he said unintelligible; while the words uttered ap-

peared to be attended to with an affectionate respect that seemed the result of deep love and admiration for the speaker. But the more immediate cause of Logan's sudden transition of attention from the first object of his curiosity and interest, was a movement made to unmask by him to whom so much deference had been rendered: For both the persons who had accompanied Logan were similarly accoutered with himself, in masks and long black cloaks, which enveloped the whole figure. There appeared, however, some impediment to the quick removal of the mask, owing perhaps to its fastening having become entangled in the short curls of bright auburn hair which beautified the finely cast head of the wearer, and which made him apply for assistance to disengage it.

“ I will thank you, Sir Robert Carey,” he said, “ to assist me in getting quit of this invidious incumbrance, that I may meet Sir Walter Raleigh face to face;—a rash daring which methinks ere now hath cost many a bold man his life, though I have hitherto been so fortunate in our encounters, that the advantage hath been all on mine own side.”

While this person spoke thus, Logan was much struck with the sound of his youthful voice, attuned to that sort of melody that goes at once to the heart, as expressive of generous feeling. But his admiration was unbounded when the mask was removed, and he beheld the features of a young man whom he judged could not be more than eighteen (probably less), which, though critically very fine, yet derived their chief beauty from a strong expression of benignant sweetness, mingled with an air of stateliness and dignity which appeared as a component part of his nature.

The broad and finely formed forehead of this young personage, his penetrating eye and gracious smile, combined to make his whole countenance so extremely captivating, that our hero could with difficulty withdraw his eyes from its fascinating influence for a single moment. This curiosity, however, called on him to observe the great man to whom this young person addressed his discourse, and who, in reply to the delicate compliment just recorded, said, while Logan almost started at the information now conveyed,—

“ I could wish that my brave prince were confronted in the field by those meet to be his adversaries, that the whole world might have knowledge of his valorous daring.”

“ And I would to God thou hadst thy wish,” exclaimed Prince Henry, “ but alas ! instead of

“ mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
We caper nimbly in a lady’s chamber.”

“ And,” he added mournfully,

“ I in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time.”

“ Nay,” returned Sir Walter, “ take it not thus sadly ; your highness’ youth hath days enough in store, I trust, to redeem all this ; and the sceptre of England shall yet be swayed, when it hath pleased God to call our present gracious monarch to himself, by one who I predict will yet surpass the fifth of his name.

“ Amen,” said the Prince, with fervour, “ for to deserve this high fame most willingly would I compound for still a briefer life and reign than were allotted to him.”

During this short dialogue, Logan had drank

in each word, while he was filled with astonishment at reflecting in whose presence he was : For there now stood before him that young Prince Henry of England, on the promise of whose early virtues the eyes of all Europe were fixed, and that brave and enlightened man Sir Walter Raleigh, whose hard fate was as universally deprecated and deplored, and whose fame was known throughout the civilized world.

We have said that the very knowledge that he was in the presence of the prince, the fame of whose dispositions and acquirements had so frequently interested him, acted almost like electricity on his nerves ; but it was not till the conclusion of the animated and characteristic speech just addressed to Sir Walter, that our hero's admiration was at its height. The Prince's noble sentiments had passed to the heart of Logan, with a thrill that seemed to set his congenial spirit free of restraint ; and, under a feeling of ungovernable enthusiasm, he darted across the apartment, from the door near which he had been making his observations, and threw himself on his knees before his Highness ;

this noble gentleman combats misfortune, after an imprisonment of six years; for I could wish that the ascendancy of so brave an example should be felt not only by all who now labour under undeserved calamities, but that the fame of it should reach to future ages, to become the solace and rule of every oppressed and noble heart."

"Behold," he continued, pointing to the table, crowded with manuscripts, and to the floor, which was strewed with charts, books and papers, "Behold his employment; he is even now drawing forth ample stores of knowledge from the remotest sources, to enrich my mind withal; and should I," he continued, with fervour, "ever indeed emulate the glorious deeds of my godlike namesake, of whom we even now made mention, much of my fame may well be ascribed to his precepts."

After this animated tribute of gratitude to Sir Walter, and after having received Logan's thanks for his concession and promise of favour, the Prince turned to the noble prisoner, and entered into an exclusive conversation with him; which being again carried on in a low tone of voice, de-

noted a wish for privacy ; and, accordingly, Logan immediately withdrew with Sir Robert Carey to the other extremity of the apartment. Our hero took this opportunity of apologising to Sir Robert for the rash expressions of his unfounded suspicions manifested in the boat, at the same time expressing his grateful thanks for the many favours he had done him.

Sir Robert replied to these acknowledgments with great good humour, and owned that his own character, in such critical circumstances, must have appeared in so dubious a light, that he did not wonder at his young friend's hasty constructions, and much less at the very natural way in which he made them known. This liberal construction of his conduct was highly gratifying to Logan, and he listened to Sir Robert with deep interest, while he informed him that Sir Walter Raleigh's studies were directed toward the compilation of a work of such research and magnitude, as had never before been attempted ; being the history of the world, from its creation, intended to be brought down to the period of the writer's life, undertaken for the express purpose of making Prince Henry

accurately acquainted with the true features of history in all ages.

From this Sir Robert went on to advert to those gallant actions performed for his country by Sir Walter, which proved him as capable of wielding the sword as the pen. The fame of the talents and military enterprises of this great man, had been too widely diffused throughout the world, for Logan to be ignorant of many particulars now related ; but, ~~from~~ his having been so unexpectedly brought in contact with him, a new zest was given to every word, and new and intense interest to all that concerned him. Sir Robert and Logan were, however, prevented from pursuing this subject any farther, by the Prince's motioning the former toward him.

“Sir Robert,” he said, as he drew a ring from his finger, “here is your warrant for the visit you have still to pay within these walls ; I have too long forgotten it. Your stay with the young man must therefore be but brief, as the time of my remaining here cannot be well protracted beyond another half-hour. You will please to mention to the person you go to visit, that my

royal mother enjoined me to make inquiries regarding his health, and that her Majesty is desirous of knowing, if there is at present any thing wherein his convenience can be furthered.

Sir Robert bowed in reply to these commands, and, assisting Logan to resume his mask, took his arm, and, having again enjoined silence, he opened the door, which was unsecured. The ~~same~~ gentleman, however, whom they had left when they entered the apartment, still remained in close attendance without. Sir Robert shook hands with this official person, and, addressing a few words to him, which Logan did not distinctly hear, he shewed him the Prince's ring, in order, as Logan knew, to his being admitted to a conference with the person before spoken of; on which a hand-bell was rung, and almost instantly answered, by an elderly man, who carried a large bunch of keys, fastened to his girdle by an iron chain. This man took his directions from the low pronunciation of a single word, and conducted Sir Robert and Logan down stairs, where, following their guide, they again entered the open

air, walking on, for the space of a few minutes, over rough pavement, and in total darkness, except that, at long intervals, they passed a dim lamp overhanging some arched passage, which it served to point out to the passenger, without assisting him to explore his way through it. Into one of these caverns, that their guide presently entered, and stopping at the foot of a flight of steps, he desired them to follow him closely. They accordingly groped their way after him, till, applying one of the keys that depended at his girdle to the lock of a door, and drawing bar and bolt, he admitted them to a room, where their olfactory nerves were instantly assaulted by a strong vapour of various drugs. Here they were received by a tall young man, habited in a threadbare tunic of black cloth, stained all over by coming in contact with those chemical preparations, whose effluvia had so strongly saluted the nostrils of his guests, giving to his apartment the disagreeable odour that is so overpowering on entering the shop of a slovenly apothecary, arising from unstopped vials, dirty counters, mortars, and all the et-cetera of an establishment, the reverse in every respect of

that of the trim and neat laboratories of modern times.

In the apartment into which they were now introduced, every thing bore the stamp of neglect, which was carried to its utmost pitch in the person of the meagre, pale young man, forming a strong contrast to the appearance exhibited by the great person they had just left, who, though also a prisoner, was evidently so solicitous about his appearance. This young man's hair was jet black, and so thick, that it seemed as if it had never, during his life, been pruned of its wild redundancy; while the beard, which was the cherished pride and ornament of the young men of the day, was suffered to share in the same neglect, and clothed his chin and upper lip with a tangled coat of black curls, which, extending to his ears, and there meeting what more properly belonged to his head, formed one uninterrupted shock, making his head bear a striking resemblance to a large mop, a small portion of which had been bared to have the features of a man's face carved upon it. The expression of the countenance was melancholy, except when a momentary excitation called forth

sparks, as of a hidden fire, which shewed that there lay under the ashes of his early exhausted spirit, the faint materials of a flame which might yet be kindled by the breath of prosperity. When they first entered his room, he was employed in watching a small still, placed above a handful of hot embers, which, however, were sufficient to give a stifling heat to the small and close chamber. When the door opened, and he looked round on his guests, he seemed to eye them with surprise and suspicion ; but no sooner had it closed, and Sir Robert Carey's voice saluted his ear, than there instantly appeared in his eyes indications of that dormant fire we have just noticed, and a transient joy took possession of him, in the hope that Sir Robert might be the bearer of good tidings. Under this impression, he addressed him with a pleasurable emotion, which seemed far different from what had been the bent of his mind when Logan first observed his countenance.

“ Ah ! is it the kind Sir Robert ? ” he said, stretching out his hand, and seizing on that of his friend, “ always the messenger of good from the

benignant spirits whom he serves." He then went on, without seeming to remember that there was a third person in the room, " I have been told that I am shortly to see my sister, who is now in London, and to be supplied with the medicaments I want for my new experiments. Ah ! had they been furnished sooner, Sir Walter Raleigh should not thus have got the start of me, in compounding that elixir on which we have so often consulted, and by which, I have been told, he hath lately cured our Queen of a sore distemperature."

" It is indeed truth," said Sir Robert, " that my royal mistress hath lately been recovered from an illness deemed dangerous by her physicians, through the use of a cordial sent her by Sir Walter, of the virtues of which her Majesty hath formed such a marvellous opinion, that she professeth her belief of its becoming, by some possible improvement, the long projected elixir, which is to put an end to the dominion of death."

" Yes," said the young man, assuming the solemn expression of profound thought, " Yes, her

Majesty is right: this cordial doth already give promise of a capability of attaining that higher perfection, which, in my opinion, doth but wait on the patience and skill of the compounder, to make it a sovereign antidote to all bodily ills. Nor shall the fault rest with me, if it doth not speedily attain this perfection, provided I become possessed of what I deem the necessary ingredients."

Luckily the smiles which passed over the faces of Sir Robert and Logan were hid by their masks, or such indications of their incredulity might not have been over acceptable to the young enthusiast.

"Sit thee down, young man," said Sir Robert, "and as quickly as thou mayest, commit to paper the names of those drugs required for this purpose, for I am especially commissioned to inform you, that the Queen's Majesty, after desiring to know of your health, extendeth her gracious wishes to the supplianee of your wants."

Without uttering a word, the young man hastily took a book from a shelf, and tearing out a

written page, delivered it with an air of exultation to Sir Robert."

" This," he said, " contains a list of what, next to my liberty, I most wish for in the world ;" but here he checked himself, and added, " next to liberty said I—aye, before it—for do I not prefer the good of mankind before mine own pitiful concerns ? surely, surely, he continued, and I beg pardon of God, and of my present hearers, for having been tempted to utter so degrading a sentiment. He said this with an air and feeling of self-abasement, which, though the effect of what his hearers almost thought a ludicrous cause, they too justly appreciated to be able to view otherwise than as an indication of an amiable mind.—Sir Robert received the paper from him, and deposited it in his pocket.

" And now," he said, " the time being nearly arrived when we must depart, this gentleman, who hath accompanied me, will, I trust, indulge me by removing his mask, that I may make you known to each other."

While the young man showed some surprise, Logan instantly complied with this request, and his features were presently given to view.

“ Now,” said Sir Robert, “ let Master Patrick Ruthven know the son of the late Laird of Restalrig, the preserver of that life which he seeks, by his skill in chemistry, to render perpetual.” The surprise of Logan at this introduction to one whom he had never seen, but for whose sake he had hazarded so much, and whose fate and his own had been so mingled together, was great indeed ; but it fell far short of that of young Ruthven, who, on this intimation, sprung toward his benefactor, and, bestowing on him a close and affectionate embrace, thanked God for having permitted him to see the preserver of himself and his brother. That more fortunate brother, whose history, together with his own, he was about to repeat to Logan, when Sir Robert, fearful of detaining the Prince, cut the recital short by saying that the time allowed them for this visit was now elapsed. Ruthven, however, begged a minute’s indulgence, and presently brought forth from a collection of papers, tied up and labelled in a

corner of his apartment, a dusty bundle of written documents, which he put into the hands of our hero.

“Here,” said he, “you will find what relates to the history of my brother and myself, after our flight from Dirlton, with much more that regards a story that, were these papers to be made public, would not be believed. It being the interest of those gifted with supreme power to crush every proof of innocence brought forward in support of an unhappy and oppressed family, though, if credited as they deserve, they would also free you from the severe penalties which I have grieved—God knows how deeply—to hear you have incurred, from the known friendship of your late father with the Earl, my murdered brother.”

Sir Robert Carey here again interrupted Ruthven, by declaring that they must of necessity now part from him; and added—

“But I beseech you, young gentleman, as you wot of this intended visit of your sister the Lady Beatrix, that you will take better order concerning your outward man, and discontinue the use of your alembics, and the studies thereunto belong-

ing, until your head and beard shall be disencumbered of the greater part of their extraordinary growth; and until ye have exchanged that surcoat, which is so much the worse for the wear, for one more beseeming your age and quality; lest the Lady Beatrix, when she cometh, should deem more lightly of your courage in suffering the penalties belonging to your state, or more heavily than need requires of the punishment to which you are subjected. And seeing that it is the desire of her gracious Majesty that you should be provided with all necessaries, it is but justice to her that you should not seem deficient therein."

The young man promised a reform in these matters; and having taken leave of Sir Robert, Carey whispered to Logan, as he bade him farewell—

“ Pray with me for the speedy reign of our noble Prince Harry; for you will neither find security, nor I my liberty, till then.”

We here pause in our story, to remark (as we shall not during its course meet again with this young man), that, in as far at least as concerned himself, his prediction was verified. Patrick Ruth-

ven remained a state-prisoner until Charles I. ascended the throne, when he was liberated by his order. And we may be forgiven, perhaps, for here adding some further notice of the fortunes of one so nearly connected with our former hero the Earl of Gowrie, as well as with him who figures in the same character in these volumes.

It is related, then, of Patrick Ruthven, that, although foiled in the discovery of that chimerical panacea which was the *ignis fatuus* of many learned men of his age, he yet became a most famous physician, as well as much noted as the writer of a remarkable letter to the Earl of Northumberland, still to be found in a collection of old papers, entitled “The Cabala;”—and that, in process of time, a daughter of his became the wife of Vandyke the painter; an original portrait of whose charms, by Rubens, is now in the possession of a friend of the transcriber of this story.

When Sir Robert and Logan returned to the apartments of Sir Walter Raleigh, they found the Prince and him engaged in an earnest debate respecting the loss of Sir Walter’s estate of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, which the King had just

bestowed on a new favourite, leaving, by this act, Raleigh and his family entirely destitute. This valuable and highly cultivated property, on which there was a castle of great strength, had been made over to the eldest son of Sir Walter, previous to the death of his great patroness Queen Elizabeth. It was now, however, discovered by the Crown lawyers that there was a flaw in the conveyance, which, though consisting in the misapplication or misplacing of a *single word*, was quite sufficient for the purpose of wresting his rights from Sir Walter's son. The person on whom it had pleased the King to confer this valuable gift was Sir Robert Carr, a young man, who had suddenly risen to such altitude in his Majesty's favour, that it was alone through his interference any suit was granted to those whose pretensions to the King's favour should in justice have been preferred before his own. This impolitic and extraordinary infatuation of the King, which bade fair to outdo all his former follies in the way of favouritism, had created such disgust in the mind of the Prince, that it was with much of that feeling, mingled with grief and indigna-

tion, he heard of the intended grant of Sherborne to this minion.

We have said that it was on this subject the Prince and Sir Walter were conversing when Logan returned to them, and he could not help overhearing what was said, though he stood at the further end of the room, as he had done before.

“ I shall certainly try consequences with this young knight,” said the Prince, whose colour was raised, and his brow contracted with an indignant frown. “ And I think when it is brought to the test between us, his Majesty will scarcely refuse Sherborne to me, in whose hands, I promise you, its value to your family shall not diminish.”

“ Oh,” said Sir Walter, while his whole countenance expressed the most lively gratitude, “ let not my noble and generous Prince involve himself in trouble on my account: For though my former poor services to my country, and my honest counsel to your Royal Father on his coming to reign over us, might surely have deserved something better than this long imprisonment and the for-

feiture of my lands, I were unworthy, indeed, of the friendship of his matchless son, could I be capable of causing his involvement in the factions of those who, I fear me, stand too high in favour to be easily put down. I therefore humbly beseech your Highness not to prosecute this generous intention, but rather allow me to wait, should my thread of life be spun out so far, until the time when no cloud of envy shall intervene between the brightness of your Highness' favour and my poor deserts."

"Nay, my good Sir Walter," returned Prince Henry, "methinks now is the time for me to interpose, before this Carr takes possession; for neither thou nor I may live to see the days thou talkest of. At all events, much less space of time will probably suffice to disperse thy wealth toward the four points of the heavens, by the breath of this young reveller. Surely," he continued, while his eyes sparkled with disdain, and he assumed a lofty demeanour, "my requests will never be put in competition with the sudden favour of an upstart minion."

“ Yet, I pray your Highness, listen to the advice of your faithful servant,” returned Sir Walter, “ and despise not the young favourite too much; for remember, that the weakest reptile may sting the stoutest man at arms.”

“ But is it not easy for the stout man at arms to scorn the sting and crush the reptile?” said the Prince, with a smile of triumph, as if his reply had brought him off victorious.

Sir Walter returned no answer, save by a melancholy shake of the head. He had not for so many long years studied the humours of Princes in vain, and experience bade him dread that the influence which Carr exercised over the King’s mind, might be exerted to the prejudice of the Prince, should he make him his enemy by interfering in this matter. He did not, however, venture to say more, and Prince Henry parted from him with the assurance that he should speedily hear from him again. When Logan was leaving the apartment, Sir Walter hastily pressed his hand, and congratulating him on having made a friend of the Prince, sincerely wished him a speedy termination to his misfortunes,—which good wish our

hero returned to this captive gentleman with unfeigned sincerity. Nor was the impression he had made on Logan ever weakened in after years, nor did he fail to rejoice with him on his liberation from confinement, to take the deepest interest in his fortunes, and to deplore at length, with heartfelt sorrow, his cruel, unjust, and tragical death.

Logan returned with the Prince and Sir Robert to the boat, and presently quitted the Tower through the same ominous gate by which he had entered, but with very different feelings from those by which he had been then agitated. When again consigned to darkness and silence during their passage up the river, he could almost have persuaded himself that all which had passed during little more than the two last hours, had been an illusion of his mind. He endeavoured to conjecture to what this favour of the Prince might lead, and this served, very naturally, to conjure up many fond hopes, which soon tintured his imagination with a degree of romance that almost amounted to castle-building,—a delightful employment, which, in some temperaments, is only given up after years of disappointment,—but to which,

to speak truth, our hero was not generally prone, though we apprehend he might well be excused for having indulged in it on this occasion to a much greater extent than his natural good sense allowed him to do, when we consider the fortunate aspect borne by this unlooked for commencement of his new career, and that he must have been conscious of possessing those sterling qualities of mind which ought to ensure success.

This sanguine fit, however, but too soon gave way to other reflections not quite so pleasing, and his hopes began to take more the character of the light, which, after a dark night, dawns on a grey morning, giving still no ~~sure~~ indication whether the day it is ushering in is to prove bright and serene, or black and stormy. Logan had heard, while abroad, that a great degree of jealousy was supposed to be felt by King James toward Prince Henry, who was the darling of the nation, and of a nature so different from his father, that, in many instances, the contrast was too glaring to escape the eyes of the multitude. The Prince was dignified, but in his loftiness there was a mixture of generosity and kindness that won the hearts of all who looked upon him. He was pious, and

an oath never escaped from his lips, whatever might be the provocation. Nay, he was known to say, that no cause could excuse the violation of the Almighty's express commands, and imposed a heavy fine on those in his own household who transgressed after this manner, which fines were appropriated to the use of the poor. He was also frugal in his expences, and temperate in his indulgences. A character such as this, was, as we have said, most opposite to his father, and therefore felt by him as a constant reproof. Logan had, moreover, just been witness to a strong instance of the contrariety of opinion maintained between the King and his son in their estimation of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was by the former kept in close imprisonment, and cruelly oppressed, while by the latter his merits were truly appreciated, and he was honoured and revered. Nor could the reasonable conclusion escape him of the Prince's want of power in this very instance, nor yet that he was obliged, as it would appear, by the dark hour he had chosen for the purpose to see Sir Walter by stealth, at least such were the accompanying impressions of this visit.

It also appeared to him that her Majesty only ventured to succour the unfortunate young Ruthven in the most private manner ; and what was the language that these facts held forth to one standing much in the same circumstances as to his Majesty's displeasure with the prisoners he had just left ? Why, certainly, that he might expect a similar fate, were it discovered that he had dared to approach, though involuntarily, the person of the Prince, or to interest him or her Majesty in his favour. For that it was the Queen whom Prince Henry had meant, when he told him he possessed another friend who might prove more powerful than himself, he did not doubt. And what, again, was the result of all this, but a conviction that he might suddenly be returned to the Tower,—a fate to which his active and ardent mind would have preferred instant death ; for, strange to say, the high example of magnanimity and patience he had just witnessed in Sir Walter Raleigh, had failed to fortify his own heart against a similar fate. He had viewed the employments and whole demeanour of this extraordinary man as the efforts of a great mind, to hide from the world,

and even from himself, the deep chagreen which was nevertheless preying like a vulture on his heart. He had heard it was whispered that this injured gentleman, when first committed to the Tower, had stabbed himself in an ungovernable fit of fury and despair. It was evident, then, that he had not always been possessed of his present philosophy, and Logan took no delight in contemplating the laborious and painful steps by which it must have been attained,—and confessed to himself with a shudder, that he had no ambition to emulate him in such a path. While these various cogitations were passing in his mind, the boat arrived at Whitehall stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

We talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

WORDSWORTH.

THE night was, as we have said, dark and cloudy, but as Sir Robert Carey took Logan's arm on leaving the barge, the latter felt no doubt of his way while under his guidance. They advanced in silence, without seeing, or rather hearing, any thing more of the Prince or his people, whom they had left behind them in the boat, and presently entered the court of a large building. After being challenged by the sentinels at its gate, and Sir Robert having given the needful countersign, they passed

on, and, entering the building, Logan found himself and his companion in a small chamber, where lights were burning on a table already spread for supper, and where, by the time they had divested themselves of all encumbrances, a sedate looking man, girded with a napkin of snowy whiteness, had placed their repast before them. To that Sir Robert instantly applied himself, motioning our hero to take the seat opposite to him.

Logan had not seen this gentleman since he was himself a child of nine years old, when Sir Robert had come on a visit to his father, and, not retaining the faintest recollection of him, it may be supposed he had now some little curiosity to see the face of a man with whom he had often corresponded by letter, and who had of late shewn him so much friendship. The person who now confronted him, appeared about fifty years of age, of a fair complexion, and rather pleasing expression of countenance. His head being bald, additional height was gained to a forehead which had naturally wanted this advantage; the hair, which had originally approached unusually close to the eyebrows, now formed a semicircle round the shining

skin on the top of his head, and, by thus being removed at a distance from his brows, a degree of openness was given to the expression of his features, in which they had been observed to be deficient in earlier life, and which, together with the sharp expression of his grey eye, and the general compression of a mouth whose lips were rather thin, had given indications of an extremely cautious character, while his avowed enemies, without scruple, declared them to be the true signs of unequivocal selfishness. However this may be, his best friends found themselves at least obliged to confess, that they had never known him neglect any opportunity of improving his own fortunes ; and perhaps the accounts he has himself handed down of the adroitness with which he managed to keep in favour with Queen Elizabeth, and at the same time conciliate the good opinion of her successor, as well as that remarkable story of his extraordinary eagerness to be the first person that announced the death of Elizabeth to James, and his pertinacity in accomplishing his purpose, may go far to stamp him as a man keen-sighted to his own interests.

The character of Sir Robert for personal courage and integrity stood high ; while his humility to those above him in the scale of rank, his urbanity to his equals, and his condescension to his inferiors, made him a very general favourite. Constant success in his worldly pursuits appeared to have smoothed down all asperities in his disposition ; and a long life in courts and camps had given him a complete knowledge of the world, and imparted a polish to his manners, which rendered him not only a useful, but also a pleasing companion, especially to men younger than himself.

While Logan surveyed Sir Robert's outward appearance, a thousand questions seemed to rise to his lips, to some of which he began to give vent.

“ I would fain know, my honoured friend,” said he, “ where I now am, and by what means I have been so highly favoured as to be allowed an interview with our gracious young Prince ? ”

“ Hist, hist, not a word, young gentleman, not another word, I entreat,” said Sir Robert, “ until you have eaten the half of that capon next you, and washed it down with as much wine as seemeth good unto your desire ; and when I have devour-

ed the greater part of this conie pie, we shall then have nought else to do but talk. I may, however, as well inform you, while we are cutting up our provisions, that you are now under the roof of Denmark House, which I suppose you know is the favourite residence of our good Queen, as well as the abode of Lady Carey and myself, while superintending the health of the Duke of York. You are now, therefore, protected by her Majesty. But more of that presently, for by St George I was never more hungry in my life; and as I suppose you feel somewhat of the same keenness, I am impatient to see you begin your charge upon the capon; that is, if you do not prefer the conie, or yonder roasted mutton."

Logan required no further invitation to attack the tempting viands before him, and soon evinced his preference of the fowl, by not only following Sir Robert's injunctions in discussing the moiety of it, but by encroaching somewhat on the other half, much to the apparent satisfaction of his entertainer, who pressed him in hospitable fashion to make up for lost time. Nor did he fail to set him an excellent example, by eating in turn

of almost every dish presented to him, being all of them fully as substantial as those we have already mentioned.

The usual time, at that period, of serving supper, in most great houses, was six o'clock in the evening, and as dinner made its appearance at eleven in the forenoon, the intervening hours gave ample time for digestion and the gaining such an appetite as required solid food to satisfy it. Five hours had now passed since the regular time of eating this evening meal, for it was now eleven o'clock, and this delay had added so much sharpness to Sir Robert's usually good appetite, that Logan began to grow somewhat impatient before he had finished his repast. It was at length, however, concluded, and every thing being removed save the wine, Sir Robert began his discourse by pledging Logan in a cup to the health of Prince Henry, who, he assured him, would be found a staunch friend, "for," he added, "the Prince is not of a nature to leave short what he taketh in hand."

"But I have yet to learn," said Logan, "how his Highness became so interested in my poor concerns as to favour me as he hath done this

night, by permitting me to accompany him to the Tower. I can only suspect it is to you I owe my good fortune."

"Not so," said Sir Robert, "for my interference hath been little required. The impression made by your youthful generosity on her Majesty in the affair of the young Ruthvens, having never left her remembrance, and her feelings being touched by your late forfeiture, her Majesty is not only much interested in your concerns herself, but hath also prepossessed her son in your favour, and gained his promise of assistance in devising somewhat for your benefit. Yet, in this, both her Majesty and his Highness will be obliged to walk warily, as all who espouse a cause in contradiction to his Majesty's humour must; for, although the Queen's Grace often ventures to maintain her own opinions, yet can she not do so without much trouble, as was often times proved in the case of these unfortunate Ruthvens, to whom she is so much attached that she hath never ceased to befriend the family, in as far as her power extre deth, ever since the bloody tragedy was enacted at St

Johnstoun. From this cause there hath been several times ill blood between her Grace and his Majesty, more especially on account of her having secretly received her old attendant and favourite the Lady Beatrix, on occasion of her coming hither with the unfortunate Lady her sister."

" Which of her sisters do you so term," said Logan, " for I am altogether ignorant of many things that have passed in mine own country since I went abroad ?"

" Yet," said Sir Robert, " the melancholy story of this lady, wife to our Duke of Lennox, was so widely commented upon, that it surpriseth me it did not reach your ears."

" I heard not of it, however," said Logan, " and therefore I beg you to proceed."

" Nay," said Sir Robert, " it is somewhat of an invidious task, but I wish to impress on you that I speak only according to common fame, which, you are aware, to use the uncourtly language of sincerity, is at times but a liar."

" And yet," said Logan with a smile, " the language of sincerity is that of truth, maugre the court."

“ Nay, young gentleman,” replied Sir Robert, “ you must not thus undervalue our courtly virtues.”

“ Surely I would be most ungrateful so to do, while thus cherished by them far beyond my deserts ;” replied Logan, with a feeling of remorse for the inuendo which had so unwittingly escaped him.

“ Well, then,” said Sir Robert, proceeding with his story, “ it was said that his Grace of Lennox never lived very cordially with his Duchess after the death of her brother the Earl ; and upon his Grace’s coming to England she was left behind, which so grieved the Lady, who really loved her husband, that, after having sundry times asked permission to follow him, and being as often refused, she made a desperate effort at a reconciliation, by coming here, accompanied as I have said by the Lady Beatrix.”

“ And what was the consequence of this determination of the poor lady ?” asked Logan with interest.

“ Such,” replied Sir Robert, “ as I feel loath to repeat ; for, not being allowed an interview with

her husband, and ordered by him immediately back to Scotland, she returned there, and died shortly after, as it was reported, of a broken heart."

" Ah ! hard of heart," and, " alas ! unhappy lady !" were the ejaculations that escaped the lips of Logan, as he listened, with painful interest, to this calamitous story.

" And how," he said, " now stands his Grace in favour ?"

" With whom mean you ?" said Sir Robert ; " if with his Majesty, well ; but if with the Queen," and he shook his head. " She took part with the Duchess and her proscribed family, and brought upon herself much blame on that account from his Majesty ; so that it may be supposed she looks not on the Duke with the same favour she was wont to regard him, before his southern journey. Moreover, it is also whispered by those who know of the present visit of the Lady Beatrix, who, you are perhaps not aware, is now married to Sir John Home of Coldenknows, that if her presence here is discovered there will be a sad tempest ; to which, I am sorry to say, the favour shewn to yourself,

if suspected, may add in no small degree. We cannot therefore, you perceive, be too wary. And, to speak truth, on no one concerned would his Majesty's displeasure descend with more fury than on myself."

"Rather," said Logan, struck with the representation of the perilous situation in which he was placing Sir Robert,—"rather let me trust to Providence and to my own exertions to provide for me, than involve my illustrious protectors, or you, my kind friend, in such disastrous consequences, on account of one of so small account. I will instantly depart, happy under such circumstances to be allowed to struggle with my fate as I may. For, after all, what does it matter to a being who has no particular ties, and no specific duties to perform to others, what is his lot for a few short years, or how brief his life may be?"

"Nay, hold there," said his companion, "till I throw in a word of advice, which, I trust, may not be altogether unavailable in changing such a magnanimous purpose. I am an old courtier, young man," he continued, "and, trust me, you would not be thanked either by the Queen or the

Prince, for thus defeating their generous purposes. It is their *will* that you comport yourself according to the plan laid down by them, and neither you nor I are left the choice of following our own devices. Nor, perhaps, could you do me a greater disservice than by disappointing your royal protectors of exercising toward you that favour which they meditate. Nay, depend on it, I should come in for my full share of blame, in allowing you thus to defeat their plans. My wife and I are here as the servants of the Queen, and therefore it is incumbent on us to do her behests; more particularly when strengthened, as in this instance, by the commands of Prince Henry. You must therefore see, that, independent of a wish to promote your interest, arising from my knowledge that you are most worthy of my best services, in advising you to submit to be ruled, I am acting the softest part for myself."

Our hero was quick of perception, and therefore could easily enter into this argument; and, while he gave his friend credit for the candour of his acknowledgment, still could not help pitying the man who seemed thus obliged to square even his

most generous wishes by the rule of dependence, the necessity for which was, in the mind of Logan, to constitute him the veriest of slaves. Sir Robert, however, no way conscious of what was passing in the thoughts of Logan, went on :—

“ You have therefore no choice but to remain in this quiet apartment, which you must not quit, until, at the notice of her Majesty, you exchange it for masque and pageant in her presence, where you will breathe a different atmosphere, I ween, from what you have for some time done.”

“ But why,” said Logan, “ should I, on whom it seems so incumbent to act with such secrecy and circumspection, wantonly expose myself to the eyes of the whole court ; and why am I commanded to be thus inconsistent, in contradiction, as it would appear, to common sense ?”

“ By St George,” said Sir Robert Carey, “ you have spoken mine own sentiments on this matter ; nor is it easy for me, I confess, to fathom her Majesty’s meaning in thus bringing you into so perilous a situation. But it is even so ; for such are the orders I am enjoined to impart, and there is but one way of solving the question.”

“ And by what method ? ” said Logan.

“ Why, hark in your ear, young man,” returned Sir Robert, “ simply by supposing that the genius of some women lead them to delight in mystery and intrigue, and that they require a degree of danger to give zest to their plans, which, if accomplished in a common and reasonable manner, would not be worth the trouble of achieving.”

Logan could not avoid smiling at this explanation.

“ And so,” he said, “ I am then, it appears, to involve myself and others in circumstances of needless danger and perplexity, to furnish an exciting sensation. Be it so, I have no right on mine own account to shrink from obeying a command by which I am so highly favoured, and therefore will comport myself as an obedient servant of her Majesty.”

“ And in so doing, my fair young sir, you will act wisely,” replied Sir Robert ; “ for, believe me, you have in the Queen a zealous friend, whom gratitude and duty both render it incumbent on you to obey. She hath, I assure you, never lost

sight of you since your adventure at Holyrood, in which she found a fitting subject whereon to establish her opinions of your youthful dispositions; nor hath she ever, I am told, let slip an opportunity of enquiring of our young nobles who have travelled in the same track with yourself as to the character you maintained abroad."

"Surprising, indeed," said Logan thoughtfully, "that, while mine own familiar friends have so far forgotten me as to be disgusted and put out of conceit of me, on account of my undeserved misfortunes, there should still have been one in so high a sphere to remember me with favour!"

"Nay," returned Sir Robert, "say not that *all* your former friends have forgotten you, for in this you implicate myself, who have never been indifferent to such reports, for the sake of friendship, cemented in a somewhat strange way many years since with your father, who, as a bold and generous borderer, won my confidence and admiration in a way which you must have heard of?"

This was put in the way of question, and Logan replied to it by an assent. Sir Robert then went on.

“ Nor, if such friendship had never existed, could I have been indifferent to aught that concerned you, as you may well believe, when I reflected on the near concernment your character and fortunes bore to those of Mistress Rosa Grey, whom I have ever loved as mine own daughter, and with whom I hoped ere this to have witnessed the fulfilment of your mutual contract. Nay, to which I should now look with unalloyed pleasure, were it not for this——” and he looked toward our hero with anxiety, while the blank remained to be filled in this discourse, for he seemed as if he wanted words to go on in this courtier-like phrase. These were, however, speedily supplied by Logan, who said :—

“ Nay, my good friend, never mince the matter; were it not for this forfeiture, you would say.”

“ Just so,” said Sir Robert: “ such, I say, might have been my hopes, in spite of your having continued abroad for so unusual a length of time; and also, if I may be allowed so to say, of the indifference and coldness, if not ambiguity,

expressed in your letters to myself upon the subject of your affiance with my ward."

Here Sir Robert, who had been all the while regarding the countenance of Logan with much anxiety, paused.

" That you were perfectly right," said Logan, " if you supposed my regards towards Mistress Rosa not of an ardent nature. I am so far from wishing to deny, that I cannot conceive it possible they should have been so. The days of chivalrous and blind devotion to the fair sex are now gone by, and it is no longer incumbent on us to take it for granted that women are all goddesses ; it is, then, surely natural for us to wish to know somewhat of the dispositions of her in whose power we place the happiness of our lives ; and your ward and I having ever been strangers to each other, you surely cannot be much surprised that I have not experienced any strong emotions of regard toward her."

" True, my young friend," replied Sir Robert, " but hath it not seemed that your remaining strangers to each other, by the length of your stay abroad, hath been entirely your own fault, for

which you did not even think proper to atone, by addressing a single line in extenuation of your conduct to the lady so much interested?"

As Sir Robert said this he fixed a keen eye upon our hero, who felt that there was no way of escaping from this home-truth, without a full confession. Therefore, after pausing an instant, to clothe his words if possible in fitting guise to meet the ear of the lady's guardian, he replied, while the colour mounted to his cheeks from the consciousness of what had been long his own sentiments on the subject in discussion—

"The great kindness I have lately received from you, Sir Robert, demands the utmost candour on my side, and I shall therefore lay open my heart before you. Not that it can now be of any consequence, situated as I am, that you should be informed of its waywardness, but merely that you may see I wish to conceal nothing from you. Suffice it, then, to say, I never could reconcile myself to the thought of being joined for life to one whom my heart did not voluntarily select; and that I considered the custom of a father's dictating to his children whom they should marry,

without regard to their feelings, tastes, or even prejudices, as the utmost stretch of tyranny. My spirit, thus rebelling against such procedure, I could accordingly never be brought to think without abhorrence of my betrothment; and though I should have deemed it impossible, had I returned during my father's life, to disobey a command in which I knew his happiness to be so deeply concerned, I yet determined not to fulfil as long as I could avoid it."

"But why, under these circumstances," replied Sir Robert, "did you still not explain yourself on the death of your father?"

"It is on that score alone that I feel myself to blame," said Logan; "I was induced, by many circumstances, which it would avail little to enumerate, to continue my wanderings abroad from month to month, beyond the time I had fixed, still putting off, till the period of my return, the explanations which I certainly ought long before to have given of my own feelings. Nor have I any thing to say in extenuation of my conduct, save that I cherished a hope the young lady would not continue to regard one, so totally un-

worthy as myself, as any bar to her future happiness ; and that, making use of the privilege allowed her in the contract, she would not fail of selecting one of the many lovers whom fame reported that her attractions had brought to her feet."

Sir Robert shook his head with an expression which seemed in complete contradiction to this hope, but immediately recollected that it was now not his business to encourage, either by word or look, a marriage that, had the parties been inclined to ratify, he would have opposed with all his powers of eloquence and authority.

"Without tarrying to analyze," Sir Robert then said,—"What you have been pleased to denominate waywardness of your humour, I shall only remark that Providence hath seemed kindly to interfere in this matter, for, had you seen each other, and an attachment been formed, my duty would now have been the painful one of endeavouring to separate you. Or, had your union with my ward actually taken place before this change in your fortunes, the consequences to her must have been extremely distressing ; therefore it is all well and wisely ordered."

“ Yet let me assure Sir Robert Carey,” said Logan, in a somewhat haughty tone of voice, with which his looks corresponded, and which were called forth by his deep and harrowing sense of dependence, “ that, even under the circumstances he has imagined, knowing myself to be deprived of fortune, name, and fame, I should have scorned to make a prey of Mistress Rosa Grey’s property.”

Sir Robert had roused Logan’s spirit, by what the latter thought an unnecessary and gratuitous allusion to his present circumstances, and, as he concluded the last sentence, he arose from his chair, folded his arms, and began to pace the floor with very untroubled tread. Sir Robert Carey, though one of those courtiers born and bred, in whom it is generally supposed there is much of real indifference toward the feelings of others, arising out of an overweening care of themselves, and their own interests, and though in many instances, as we have hinted, perhaps not very unjustly, suspected of seldom forgetting himself, was yet one in whom many good traits existed ; his heart being so far from seared against human misery, that he seldom failed to give it his sympathy, when

brought immediately under his eye, though not perhaps gifted with the propensity of seeking it out, for the divine purpose of its alleviation. The apparent agitation of our hero did not escape him, and he rose from his seat as Logan made the second turn on the floor of the apartment, and laying his hand on his folded arms said, in a voice modulated to a softer tone,—

“ I see I have offended ; but trust me, young gentleman, most unintentionally, for I am perfectly sincere in saying, that the person does not exist that would be more rejoiced than myself to witness your prosperity, or one more anxious to forward it, by every means which duty and prudence sanction. I beg you, then, to believe that, circumstances permitting, I know not the man I should have preferred to yourself as the husband of my ward ; and that my entertaining the most perfect esteem and admiration of you and your sentiments, makes me the willing agent of your high protectors.”

To every such noble and ingenuous mind as our hero’s, the apology for a fault not only does away the offence, but leaves, as it were, a balance in

favour of the offender. Logan, therefore, began to feel ashamed of having so openly exhibited his feelings, and sorry for the impression this manifestation had seemed to make on one for whose friendship he really felt grateful. He therefore at once acknowledged his entire dependence on the good offices of Sir Robert ; and, anew expressing his thanks, resumed his seat, and the conversation was again carried on between them, though it flowed in a somewhat different channel.

“ Can you not guess at her Majesty’s intentions with regard to me ? ” said Logan, as he endeavoured to banish from his countenance every trace of his late feelings.

“ I pretend not to divine what they may be,” returned Sir Robert ; “ but of this I am certain, that her Majesty intends you the honour of an interview with herself, on the conclusion of a masked ball, to be given by her as soon as his Majesty sets off on his hunting visit to Royston. And it is her pleasure that you should appear as a young knight, habited in armour, and in company with several others, who are to support the same cha-

racter, forming a small band to attend on Prince Henry, in order to enact some story from Amidas de Gaul, or some such veritable history. To this end I shall, with your leave, provide you with such garments as the occasion requireth, having already, indeed, the Queen's orders to that effect, who does me the honour to approve of my skill in such matters."

This conversation being thus brought to a close, Sir Robert took leave of our hero for the night, promising to pay him a visit early on the following day, and cautioning him not to stir from his apartments without his knowledge, which promise, it may be believed, after what he had just heard of the necessity for circumspection, he most willingly gave. Thus he became once more, for a few days, the inhabitant of a solitary apartment, —enlivened, it is true, by frequent visits from Sir Robert, who amused him, by repeating many anecdotes of the principal characters at court, but bearing so great a resemblance to a prison, that it only seemed to differ from one, in his possessing the privilege of turning the key on the inside of his

door, instead of having it turned upon him; while the attendance of the elderly man we have before mentioned, was so obsequious and diligent, that it certainly gave him no resemblance to a jailor.

During the time of this temporary imprisonment, Logan perused, with much interest, the papers given him by Patrick Ruthven, of which, as it appears they contained the greater part of the history already given to the public in “*St Johnstoun*,” we need say no more, excepting that they related the adventures of Patrick and his brother, of whom, as our readers will recollect, mention is only there made of having escaped from Dirleton, and of their having been protected by Queen Elizabeth during her life. It appeared, therefore, that, warned by Logan of their impending fate, their mother had them instantly conveyed, with their preceptor, to Berwick-on-Tweed, of which place Sir John Carey, the elder brother of Sir Robert, was then governor, who received them with every mark of kindness, and who kept them there in secrecy for the space of a month, during which

time the extreme vigilance of the search made for them, through every corner of Scotland, was nearly unprecedented. During this time, Sir John Carey corresponded concerning them with Secretary Cecil, who, unquestionably acting in this with the concurrence of Queen Elizabeth, detained them there, until their mother found a fitting opportunity of sending them a remittance of money, when they passed on to Durham. There they, and their preceptor, again abode for a short space, until the Queen had settled their destination ; when she again, under feigned names, removed their place of sojourn to Cambridge, that they might complete their education ; and where Patrick devoted himself to the study of physic. Here they remained until the death of their Royal protectress. But King James, on his succession, knowing, or having a suspicion, that they were in England, immediately made proclamation for their apprehension, and succeeded in taking Patrick, whom he committed to the Tower, while William escaped into Germany. Of the

latter his brother had heard nothing further, and as no trace, that we know of, is extant, relating to him, we may suppose his life was not extended beyond the limits of the reign of King James the First.

CHAPTER IX.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE now return to honest Roger, who had no sooner peeped forth from the hold of the little vessel, in which, contrary to our hero's wish, he had made his southern voyage, and beheld his master, who carried little Mignon under his arm, cross the plank laid for him to step on shore, than he seized hastily on the portmanteau left by Logan in the cabin, and mounting it on his shoulder, while he advertised the sailors that he would return in a *gliff* for his own baggage, salled forth of the ship, keeping such distance, however, as not to be observed by Logan, while he still

trudged closely enough after him to mark his place of destination.

Nor was the distance great which he had to follow him. He had walked scarce a quarter of a mile from the wharf, when he saw him enter a house ; to the door of which having also bent his steps, and waited at its threshold a few minutes, he knocked, and was presently admitted by a man whom, to his great delight, he immediately recognized as an old border associate. However, he took for the present no notice of this circumstance, but hanging down his head, and concealing his face under his large bonnet, deposited the portmanteau. Refusing at the same time the offered hire of a porter, under pretence of belonging to the vessel, he departed in high glee, chuckling at the discovery he had made, by which he anticipated a facility in remaining near his master, and in gaining tidings of him, which he could not otherwise have expected to enjoy.

Having thus left our hero in present security, Roger went in search of a shelter for himself, which he found in a narrow and dirty lane, his choice being determined by two reasons, one of

which was the landlady's being a Scotchwoman, and the other that, making use of his natural sagacity, he had not failed to divine that his lodgings would be cheaper than in a finer street ; and, truth to tell, his own home had been none of those abodes where he was likely to imbibe the spirit of nicety, either in articles of cleanliness, of delicate fare, or of a soft bed. Accustomed, on the contrary, during the progress of the toilsome occupation in which he was bred, to fast for many hours, and to couch him down all night upon the heathery waste, he was by no means fastidious in those particulars of bed and board, which an Englishman even of his day made so principal a part of his care. We have said that Roger approached in age the confines of half a century ; years which generally begin to tell on the constitutions of the pampered sons of luxury, but which had not impaired either the Herculean strength, or the ruddy freshness, of the man who, partaking in a great measure of the nature of the animals he had been accustomed to tend, was rough, hardy, and courageous, and, in spite of his enormous size, and the incessant na-

ture of his toilsome labour, nimble, diligent, and cheerful.

Roger had for a great number of years before the death of the old Laird of Restalrig, acted as his fac-totum in all matters, whether they regarded his interest or pleasure, where his property in quadrupeds was concerned ; for, besides being his huntsman, he was the person trusted with the superintendence of his herdsmen in the Lammermuir district attached to his sea-bounded territory of Fastcastle. This district of pasture land was a wild intermixture of hill and vale ; the hills purple with heath, and the valleys clothed with a covering of coarse grass, and sparingly furnished with stunted wood. The barrenness of the tract, with the bleak winds to which it was subjected in the winter season, rendered it only fit pasturage for deer, wild cattle, and that species of sheep which, partaking much of the nature of the goat, delight in climbing the highest hills and rocky promontories, and which necessarily require the most indefatigable and agile shepherds. It was, as we have said, Roger's business during the life of his late master, to superintend the men who had

this hill-pasture charge. This he performed, by going among the separate herds of sheep and cattle at stated times, and numbering them himself, that he might make his reports to his master of the state of his flocks and herds. Since the death of the old Laird, however, he had more constantly made his abode, and sought his employment, among the shepherds ; for the hunting horns which had been wont to wake the echoes of the Fastcastle rocks, were now silent, and the dogs and the huntsman languished alike for their usual sport. In fact, Roger's more heart-stirring employments had entirely forsaken him, for time had been when he also added to his other avocations that of a soldier : not, indeed, one trained in the regular exercises of the military art, and hired to face an enemy, but one tutored by uncivilized nature to relish that most savoury of all morceaux to the savage palate ; namely, the exercise of revenge, and, by deeds of hardihood in border feuds, to possess himself or his master of the goods of their English neighbours. These times had, however, passed away, and, as we have said, no other avo-

cation after the death of Logan's father remained to him, save that of his pastoral charge.

The adherence of Roger to his lord, had been as that of a limb to the body to which it appertains ; and, bearing somewhat the same relation which the foot does to the head, he had wrought his master's will, without more question than that useful member puts to the more intellectual part, believing himself born for no other purpose but to study his interests and fulfil his commands.

The place of this honoured lord was now filled by his son, to whom he longed to render the same homage, and to whom he felt an equal, if not a greater, degree of attachment. He had carried him in his arms in infancy, and had been his instructor in boyhood, in all manner of hardy exercises, his proficiency in which had filled him with pride and delight, and he had looked for his return from abroad with all the eagerness that the fondest father could have felt for that of a son. In proportion, therefore, to his eagerness, was the sorrow he experienced at the disappointment of all the dreams in which he had indulged of his young master's power and prosperity : but, stript as he now was of

both, he was still the anchor of all his hopes, and the thoughts of abandoning him could find no harbour in the mind of Roger, who, without the stimulus of supposing himself engaged in his service, would have felt his existence a weariness. Together with this strong attachment to his young master, and his concerns, there was linked an obstinate sturdiness of purpose, which had generally carried him through whatever he took in hand, and which prevented him from giving up the idea of following Logan, when refused permission so to do. In short, Roger thought, that, to separate the interest of so old a servant from that of a family in whose services he had been born, was an absolute impossibility. But what, it may be asked, did he purpose to accomplish by following his master in secret, and against his express command? This is, however, a question which, as Roger could not himself have answered, we pretend not to solve. His young master was as an idol which he had set up for the most faithful worship. His long accustomed interest in him had become part of his nature, and given rise to feelings, which, as he could neither distinctly understand nor analyse

them himself, so neither could they be comprehended by those around him, who felt no sympathy in them, any more than honest Roger could understand the actions of all those in his own degree, placed without the pale of that faithful feudal attachment, which identified the servant with all the interests of his lord. A state of things which he looked upon as acknowledged and organized by the most profound wisdom, and by Nature herself. It seemed to him, that all in his own station of life who were not guided by it, acted at random, and from motives which were a mystery to himself, never being considered in his calculations.—But we now return to a history of the events in the life of this primitive man of feeling.

Having found, as before mentioned, a hovel wherein to bestow himself in that narrow street, which was the same visited by Lord Algerton, as related in the fourth chapter of this history, he presently brought from the vessel, a bundle containing a change of wearing apparel, which he carried in his hand, while he bore on his back what had served him for a bolster on board, but which it required nearly all his superabundant strength to transport

to the distance of his new place of abode ; that is to say, an enormous sack of oatmeal. He had heard that this nutritious food was a scarce commodity with the southron, and had therefore determined to possess himself of a sufficient quantity to forestall all other wants in the article of food. Possessed of such treasure, he, in common with his countrymen in the same sphere of life, feared no other privation ; although one bred as Roger had been, in the occasional habit of diversifying this food by the flesh-pots of England, supplied from the fattest beeves of its borderers, and accustomed to be regaled by the generous juice of the grape, supplied also from their cellars, might well have been pardoned for imbibing a more luxurious taste. Yet his returning with relish to his accustomed fare, when these dainties were not to be so obtained, was nothing peculiar to himself ; every true Scotsman at that day finding this national food always welcome to his palate, and reverting to it with *content*, if not with an affected scorn of those who thought more delicate viands necessary.

Oatmeal was to the mass of the people the staff of life, whether prepared in cakes, in pottage, or by the quicker process of croudy (a mess of meal and hot water mixed), while the wayfaring man subsisted on it in its crude state, merely mingling it with a little cold water : in which way it is used to this day, by the native Highlanders, whose occupation it is to drive cattle to the lower and more civilized parts of the kingdom. The sack of oatmeal thus introduced into the domicil of a north countrywoman, created therefore more envy than surprise ; and Roger deposited it with a delightful sensation of independence, in regard to all the more delicate viands of the luxurious city, of which he had become an inmate : though, truth to say, he was in no plight to profit immediately by this precaution, being unable, during the whole of the first day of his abode in London, to partake of it, or even of the *kail* made from a sheep's head, which was gratuitously offered him by his kind landlady, and which, being made after the most approved recipe of his own country, would have tempted his appetite, if any thing could have done so in the squeamish state in which his sea-voyage had left

him, a mode of travelling he swore never again to encounter, while his legs could bear him over the land. Not, therefore, feeling quite himself, Roger thought the best way he could dispose of his time until evening, when he purposed another visit to his master's landlord, would be to take some rest, from which, as soon as it began to turn dusky, his hostess aroused him, by his own desire.

Setting out immediately, he became more and more anxious as he proceeded, on the score of the reception he was to meet from his old border acquaintance, whom it was no wonder if he considered as somewhat in his debt for a favour of no less magnitude than the preservation of his life. This man, as the reader already knows, had been one of Sir Robert Carey's trusty retainers, while resident in Norham Castle, and warden of the east march, and had continued so when the charge of Sir Robert was transferred to the western march. It was, however, during his former charge that Jasper Foster fell into the hands of Restalrig's people, while banded with some others of the border clans, who were engaged in a foray, and who, to the admiration of Roger, fought so valiantly

for his life, that, attracted by a generous feeling of kindred bravery, he struck in, and claiming him as a prisoner for whom he meant to demand ransom, he protected him from the fury of blows that must soon have annihilated him ; and, carrying him home to his own house, dismissed him without ransom, after curing his wounds, and treating him with the kindness of a brother.

This act of humanity Jasper had vowed never to forget, and to repay, if ever put in his power by any chance. No such opportunity had, however, as yet occurred ; for, though frequently near to each other, they had never met from that day, until Roger beheld him, as we have stated, on delivering his master's valise. We have, however, all perhaps met in our day with those more prompt to promise than to perform ; and, as no material change has taken place in human character since the time in which he lived, so, it may be presumed, had honest Roger, who therefore ended a most profound soliloquy on this uncertain subject, by saying, in his own proverbial way, " Weel, weel, the proof o' the pudding's in the eating o' it ;" and having arrived at the place of his friend's abode much about the same

time, he knocked gently at the door, and waited its opening with all the trepidation of which his nature was capable ; for on the welcome he was about to receive from his quondam friend, seemed to hang all his undefined schemes and hopes with regard to furthering the interests of his master, could he only once be made acquainted, in any measure, with the motives by which he was guided in visiting London. Though Roger thought he had partly penetrated them, naturally enough supposing that Jasper was still employed by Sir Robert Carey ; and, as he was not ignorant of the intended alliance between the niece of Lady Carey and Logan, he imagined that circumstance, of itself, a sufficient reason for his young master being now in some way connected with Sir Robert.

Roger had not remained long at the door of his old acquaintance, when it was again opened by the very person, bearing a lamp in his hand, which he raised to the countenance of Roger, to enable him to discern who it was that demanded admittance, when, unclosing a pair of capacious jaws, he was about to set up a shout of welcome recognition. But this noisy salutation being deemed highly inconvenient by Roger, inasmuch as he thought it

likely to prove the means of attracting the notice of his master, he took the only method immediately within his power of preventing it, by clapping one of his broad hands, that somewhat resembled the paddle of a canoe, tightly on the open chasm, while he whispered in his ear,—

“ Whist, man, dinna yaff out that gait like a Lammer coly. I dinna want the young Laird to ken I’m here, so jeest let us gang into some canny corner by oursels.”

This hint was sufficient for old Jasper, who replied to it by laying his finger silently on the side of his nose, and nodding his head significantly in token that he desired him to follow, while he led the way along a narrow passage to a small chamber; and, having installed his guest in a snug chair, by the side of a clear coal fire that burnt briskly in the grate, he took up his position beside him, and, seizing on his willing hand, gave it a long and hearty shake, while he exclaimed,—

“ By my faith, my fine fellow, right glad am I to see you; and we shall have one merry night of it, I promise ye, come on it what will to-morrow. What, ho! Margery,” he continued, “ where

hath the little wench hid herself?" Upon this summons, his granddaughter issued from the little dormitory occupied by herself, where she had gone to make some change in her apparel, on the appearance of a stranger, and coming forward waited the commands of the old man.

"Here, my little flower of the prime, toss us up somewhat in the pan for our supper, as quickly as you may, and bring us a jack of double ale, with some sugar, and a stick of cinnamon, and put two or three roasted apples in it, to bob against our beards."

These directions, it must be confessed, were heard with delight by our friend Roger, who had now recovered his appetite, and began to experience considerable commotions in his gastric regions, the economy of which had of late been so sadly disturbed by the heaving of the vessel. Great was the pleasure, therefore, that shewed itself in the sparkle of his eyes, as he beheld his friend's little housewife preparing, with nimble fingers, a dish of savoury meat, which gave promise, from its quantity, of being sufficient to satisfy the ravenous hunger he was now experiencing, while the invit-

ing steams which arose from it in the process of cooking, assailed his nostrils, and sent his eager tongue in quick excursions round his lips. His supper was at length placed before him and speedily devoured, the cravings of Roger being, on this occasion, of that voracious nature which defied the admonitions of moderation, both as to time and quantity. Next in succession came the foaming tankard.

“ Ah !” said Jasper, taking a draught, and passing it to his friend, “ here goes the liquor that is sure to make friends of those that it doth not make enemies. This is the true juice of the malt ; and I would not give it for all the clarey and brackit in the cellars of the Archbischop of Canterbury. I wish the young gentleman up stairs could be prevailed upon to taste it, but he hath taken nought, save a small sip of wine, mingled with water, and the good ale, and all the good logic I have bestowed upon it, are quite and clean thrown away on him. We must e'en then make this potation of ours do its duty the best way we may, by drinking to his health, and more prosperous fortunes.”

This was a pledge in which Roger so heartily joined, that his friend began to think he intended to appropriate the whole contents of the flaggon to his own use; and, in truth, he had drained it so deeply, that Jasper, shortly after this copious libation, called again on his handmaiden to replenish it, being thus fairly set in for the evening.

“Now tell me Roger,” said his friend, “what hath brought ye so far south, and how the world hath been using ye since we parted on the borders.”

“Why, Jasper, to tell the plain truth, then, I am here because the young Laird’s here, for which, may be, I would be ca’d little thank, if he kenned; for ye see he just downright forbad me to follow him, and there, to be sure,” said he with a grin, “I did na rin contrair to his order, seeing I did na follow him, for I cam wi’ him.” But as this was somewhat of a riddle to his friend, Roger explained it, by relating the particulars of his late intercourse with his master, from the time of meeting him in Edinburgh till his landing that morning in London.

“And blythe was I, ye may believe,” he con-

tinued, “ when ye set out yere frosty neb at the door, that I wad ha'e kenned ye by had I seen it through a hole nae bigger than just to shew itsel.”

The latter part of this speech was received by Jasper with that “ ha ha” that is so often as much the expression of hidden pique as of satisfaction in an averment that may not be contradicted, and yet cannot be altogether relished: For our good friend was one who, by no means possessing a *scared* conscience, did not fail to wince under an aspersion which he knew full well his love for the ale-flask had so legitimately entailed upon him.

“ Good, good,” said Jasper, “ but ye have not told me how ye have been coming on yourself.”

“ Why, no that ill man, no that ill,” responded Roger; “ there’s a difference o’ times, na doubt, since yon days, when you and I kenned the borders; for we canna gang out yonder awa, and help ourselves as we used to do in the guid auld times, but what the hangman has his tows as ready for our craigs as ever halter was for horse; and we have to tak a thought afore we dar lift a preen that does na belong till us.” Indeed for very little mair,

ye'll see them on the gallows-tree, waffing about in the wind like as mony dried kippers. But, in sooth, we were gay an' weel spained frae visiting the Englishers, while yere master Sir Robert bade at Norham, and mony a dure curse an' bann he gat frae the bold anes on baith sides the Tweed, for spoiling their sport. We Scots folk couldna bide him. Div ye mind sic a droll trick we played him, when he lay wi' his men, and ye amang the rest, in the Tarras Moss? A! man, I mind it weel; for I maun hae ye to ken I was ane o' the principal actors in that play."

" Is it about the dun cow ye are speaking?" said Jasper, somewhat doggedly.

" Atweel is it, and a grand story it was, while he was starving himself to keep a watch ower us, to break through, and bring him ane o' his ain cows in a present."

" So, so, that was your contrivance, was it?" said Jasper; " then mayhap it was you that brought my sow, and sold her to some of our men. Faith I knew her when I first clapt my eyes upon her, as well as I knew my own mother; for she wanted one of her ears and the half

of her tail ; but I lost nothing by her ; for Sir Robert paid me her worth for joy to get her, being ye see scarce of meat."

" Na, na," replied Roger, " I kenned nathing about the sow, but I had liked to have kenned mair about the dun beast nor I hae tell't yet ; for just as I was tying her till the tree hard by yere camp, and fastening till her horin the wee bit paper that tell't yere master she was a compliment frae us, there whistled past my legs three cloth yard shafts, and there was mair sent sa fast after them, that I had sair play to win till the wood, and sconce mysel out o' danger."

This story of the cow was one which it had never given Sir Robert Carey much pleasure to hear repeated, containing as it did a degree of ridicule of which few are fond of being the subject ; and his follower, not liking the joke much better than his master, replied to Roger's story by another, which told more in favour of his own party.

" But I say, Roger," replied Jasper, as he struck into the discourse with his own more pleasant reminiscence, " do you recollect the day

when we took yere master and yourself prisoners ?
 Ah ha, yere grand gentles thought to carry on as they pleased, and to hunt on our side the Tweed, and cut down our woods at their own discretion ; but I think we shewed you the difference."

" Aye, my certie, did ye lad," said Roger. " Mind it, man ? Div ye think I've forgotten the breaking o' our wood-carts, and the driving off o' our horses afore our een ? Odd, my heart louped till my very thrapple when I saw it. And gin I had minded nane o' that, think ye my memory's sac short that I div nae mind the hole ye stapped us intil that night in the castle-vaults o' that auld tower, where there was nae sae muchle as a dry spot to lie down on, for I could swear it had na been mucked out from the Whitsunday till the Martinmas ? My faith, but it was a sappy bed ; and our supper, ye ken, was nae sic as ye hae gien us the night, for fiend haed else we gat, after our day's travail, but a drap sour milk ; and it seemed ye dealt little better wi' the gentles themselves, frae their ain account o' the matter."

" What could we do else ?" replied Jasper. " We were still worse off than them, for while we kept

watch upon them in the old tower above, we had to wake while they slept, and never a flask of ale to keep us company. And if ye had a day's travail, I think we had no less before we got ye made fast, but Sir Robert made up for all when he sent home your Scotch lairds so well pleased with the fare he had given them at Widdington."

" Faith," said Roger, " I kenna what he did till them, but our auld Laird swore by him ever after, and I aye thought it was the conceit he took o' him then that gard him fall sae kindly in wi' the proposal auld Grey o' Brockswood made anent the betrothing the young master till his brither's daughter. Ye ken about that div ye?"

" Aye," said Jasper somewhat dryly, " I have heard of it, but that's all at an end now I suppose, for they say she is going to marry a rich lord at the court."

" I dinna believe a word o' it," said Roger, hastily interrupting him; " I dinna believe that ony Scotch lass, come o' her forbears, could play the young Laird sick a trick. There wad be na honesty in it I'm sure, for she has plenty siller for them baith, if his ain lands should ne'er be

gien back, which I aye think they maun some day. Going back o' her contract!" said Roger, while his broad face and his rough voice assumed the signs of a coming tempest. "But I see what *I* maun do," he said, bridling his ire; "I maun just see her mysel."

"*You*," said Jasper, while his rubicund countenance assumed a strong expression of mirth. "*You* see her, and how will ye bring that to pass, and what have you to do with the matter?"

"What have I to do wi' the matter say ye, and the young Laird sae concerned in it? but forby that, I have mair ado in it than ye ken o', for was I no the person that, as it may be said, made the contract sure at last?"

"*You?*" again repeated the wondering Jasper.

"Ay lad," said Roger, "wha but me? didna the auld Laird send me the neist day, after the contract was signed between the parties wi' all solemnities, till Norham Castle, where the Lady Rosa bade wi' yere master (his wife, ye ken, being her aunty) on an embassage, as he ca'd it, to confirm a' thing by a gift of something to wear round her thrapple, that he ca'd—Od, I've forgotten the

name, but never mind, it had belanged till the grand lady that they ca'd Leith, that ane o' his forbears married wi', and that a' the town o' Leith and Restalrig cam intil the family by, and it was a' made o' muckle diamonds, eneugh they said to ransome a king, and it was me that gied it intil her ain hands ; and faith gin she wunna hald till her bargain that she was blythe o' that day, but I'll speak a word or twa anent the matter."

" No doubt," said Jasper, " that gives ye more liberty than I thought ye possessed, but for all that, I don't see any good ye are likely to do ; and, moreover, as I said before, I doubt me much you will find it somewhat hard to gain speech of her."

" What !" replied Roger indignantly, " Shall I not see my ain Laird's ain lady ? My certie, times are changed wi' me indeed, since our auld lady wad na gie direction to ane save mysel, anent the striking o' a' deer, or the butchering o' an ox or a sheep, and aye submitted till my discretion anent the business."

" Aye, aye," said Jasper, " but by the old saints it's a somewhat different matter methinks to

speak to a lady of her own wedding, or the striking of an ox," and Jasper laughed outright.

"Weel, weel, ye may laugh lad, but as broken a ship may come to land for a' that. But Jasper, man," said Roger, "answer me this: Div ye ken what's brought the Laird here?"

"Me know your master's business?" replied Jasper, while his two little grey eyes became perfectly round with astonishment. "Why, Roger, take ye me for Master Foreman the Lambeth wizard, or think ye the grand gentles here make themselves so familiar with the likes of me, as to tell me their secrets? All I know about the matter is, that Sir Robert told me a friend of his was to remain here, during his pleasure, without my blabbing aught about it to my neighbours. And truly it's so common in these times for the court sparks to be under hiding for having emptied their pockets at the gaming table, or perchance killing their sworn friend in a duel, that, to tell heaven's truth, the first inkling I had of who this gallant is was from yourself. When his baggage came from the ship, I understood that I had been wrang in my first guess, and ye no sooner named him than I was

up to the reason for his coming here in secret, for every body has heard of the poor young man's losing his great estates by his father's being concerned in the bloody treason of the Gowries. "But mum shall be the word with me," said Jasper, applying his finger again to his carbuncled nose, and peering toward the door to see if it was shut.

No unnecessary precaution, as it happened, for some words inadvertently dropt in this harangue, had raised the choler of Roger, and he broke forth in somewhat of a louder tone than prudence warranted, when his near proximity to his master is considered.

"Blood and wounds, Jasper," he cried, "ye surely dinna credit that cursed lee anent the treason. At any rate, I maun be free to tell ye that when ye ca'd the young Laird of Restalrig 'young man,' just as he had been ane o' ousrels, ye were na blate, for I man tell ye he has as proud a heart in his breast, and as good bluid in his veins, as any southland lord o' them a'."

"Nay, nay, I meant no offence," replied Jasper; "I have nothing to do with who hatched the treason, and I intended no disrespect to your master,

who, I am sorry, after all, to hear is so proud, because as they have taken away his riches, his pride will only stand in the way of his fortune."

" Ye're thinking o' the auld proverb maybe," said Roger, " A proud heart in a mean doublet has mukle dolour to dree;" but faith I wad nae hae him scrimpet o' his pride, for to my thought it sits as weel upon him as ever the crown sat upon a king's head, letting a' body ken that he's come o' grand bluid."

" I know that man. I know he is come of grand blood," said Jasper, " and so here's to his health again;" and after taking a sip of ale, he handed it to his friend, and looking up to the little shelf above the chimney, took down a trinket box of curiously inlaid ebony, formerly the property of some border dame, and which was now filled with tobacco; and having also furnished himself with a pipe from the same repository, he began to fill it with the weed so much contemned by his sovereign King James, who had just written a most elaborate work on its pernicious qualities. Jasper's own experience, with regard to this plant, were, however, of a different stamp; and he there-

fore, held fast by the ideas conceived of it on its first introduction, a few years before, when it was called the “holy herb” by the French and Spanish authors, and eagerly sought after in England, as possessing a thousand imaginary virtues. Of this plant honest Roger had never heard in the remote spot from whence he was so newly arrived, though it had begun, before this period, to be well known in England by the lower ranks, with whom, taking example from their superiors, as in all other cases, it had become a prime article of luxury; adding another item to the indulgence craved by the attendants of the great, who, imitating the absolute manners of their masters, kept full pace with them in that reign of voluptuousness.

We have said that the more primitive Roger knew nothing of such a strange gratification. He therefore sat and watched the motions of his friend with a curious eye, while he was deliberately preparing to enjoy his accustomed desert after eating. He did not, however, on perceiving the smoke to issue from his friend’s mouth, imagine that he had taken fire, and dash the contents of the tankard in his face, as a servant of Sir

Walter Raleigh's is said to have done, when he first witnessed this phenomenon in his master; but looked on, in silent astonishment, until a few good whiffs, from the mouth of Jasper, began to darken the atmosphere insomuch, that it threatened to extinguish the lamp, while it fumigated the apartment with an odour most abhorrent to his nostrils. This last effect, however, proved too much for Roger, who had taken up a most extraordinary view of the matter, and who, throwing his broad bonnet on his head, started up, and, advancing with one long stride toward the smoker, was about to dash the pipe from his hand, when the offender, looking up in his face, sent a volume of smoke so immediately into it, that, filling his eyes, nostrils, and open mouth, with its pungent effluvia, he recoiled a pace or two backwards.

Jasper, who saw the meditated hostility toward his pipe, held it behind him, and called a parley, by desiring to know the meaning of the storm that had so nearly burst upon him.

"I dinna ken," said Roger, as soon as he could recover sufficient breath to speak—"I dinna ken what I hae done to be smeeded out this gait like

a brock, for gin I had na gane out o' yere house at yere bidding, ye might hae taen a pickle clean strae and done it decently, and no settin up a stink that gars me scunner to think how ye let the thing ye raised it wi' intil yere ain mouth. But ye've seen the last o' me I se promise ye, though I might weel hae looket for some help frae you, in regard o' my master."

This angry remonstrance acted on Jasper's risible faculties in producing peals of obstreperous laughter, which made him hold his side with one hand, while he caught Roger by the skirts with the other, just in time to prevent his opening the door to make his exit. It was, however, impossible for Jasper to conquer his mirth, so as to make an immediate effort to explain the matter: and Roger shook his skirts furiously several times, in order to free himself from his grasp, before his friend's risibility would allow of distinct articulation: at length he found his tongue and exclaimed—

“ By the blood of Thomas-a-Becket, but ye be a strange fellow; I was just going to offer ye a whiff of my pipe, for I had no thought that this

herb of grace had never reached them bare hills of thine."

" *Herb o' grace, herb o' the deevil,*" responded Roger ; " and may he flee away wi' me if it gangs between my teeth ; sae let go my tails, I tell ye."

" Not till ye hear reason," said his friend, now holding on tighter than ever with both hands, while bethinking himself of an old and well known weakness in Roger's character, he made use of it to mollify his anger, which was every moment exaggerating the magnitude of the offence incurred in having thus tampered with his olfactory nerves.

" Thou knowest not of the virtues of this herb, my good Roger," he said, " or thou wouldest not so freely give it to the devil, for, in truth, it wageth open war with him : the smoke, which has made you so angry, causing witches to sneeze so violently, that, if they do not speedily take themselves off, they are sure to be detected ; and, moreover, it is said that the smallest portion of the plant carried about the body, preventeth them from having any power over it."

While Jasper said this, he watched the countenance of Roger, which beginning to exhibit signs

of curiosity, he in a short time prevailed upon him to return to his seat, and finish his ale, which, though complied with in somewhat of surly mood, gave the old man time to expatiate upon the qualities of tobacco, in the nature of which he seemed most learned.

“ You must know, then,” said Jasper, “ that this plant, which we call Tobacco, or Tobago, is also called Nicotiana, and is brought from the new world of Florida, where the wild Indians make great account of it for the sudden curing of wounds, by applying the leaf to sores, as well as for divers inward complaints, when mixed with other ingredients, and swallowed. When it is smoked, as ye have seen me do even now, it is good for cold rheums in the head, of which I have had experience. I am also the better for receiving its aromatical vapour into my mouth, in so much that I find my strength and my spirit rejoiced, and my brain drenched therewith as with a delightsome kind of drunkenness.”

While Roger listened to this eulogium, his features gradually resumed their usual expres-

sion of good humour, and he became quiet as a lamb.

“ What ye have telled me,” said Roger, in somewhat of an humbler accent than he had been using, “ is indeed a marvel; but I didna ken a’ that, man; and surely ye’ll allow it has an awsome smell; and I could by no means be prevailed upon to let it intil my mouth, if so be that a pickle o’ it put intil a nout’s horn, and setten fire till, wad hae the like effect on the witches, whilk as it wad set up the same stink I trow it might. And now, man, ye maun tell me where ye get it to buy, for I maun hae a wee hair o’t.”

Jasper answered this question by putting the greater part of what he possessed into a bit of paper, and presenting it to his friend, who received it with all the reverence he deemed due to its extraordinary virtues, and deposited it in his pocket with most unfeigned thanks. Now, whether there was really at that time such a superstition afloat, with regard to the efficacy of tobacco in the case of witchcraft, we profess ourselves entirely ignorant. We are, however, rather inclined to suspect

that the shrewd Master Jasper had taken advantage of his previous knowledge of Roger's weakness, in regard to his full and entire belief in every story related of the power of witches,—those diabolical agents of the evil one, so generally dreaded at the time in which he lived; the terrors of whom affected those whose superior knowledge might have been reasonably supposed to have exempted them from such absurd fears.

We rather suppose, then, that the antinecromantic qualities ascribed to this plant owed their origin to the wily Jasper, as we have not been able to meet with this trait of its character in any of those old accounts of it, which in all other respects rendered its properties sufficiently marvellous: and, moreover, it may be imagined, that had it been said to possess so rich a redeeming quality, it would have altogether escaped the anathema pronounced against it by King James. However this may be, the recital of Jasper concerning it restored peace to his abode, while the countenance of Roger began to exhibit even a greater degree of hilarity than it had yet done.

and he gulped his ale with more satisfaction than before, as he concerted measures with Jasper for imparting the saving virtues of the drug he had just obtained to his well-beloved master: for from no source did the simple Roger apprehend that surer or more direful evils might arise to him than from the influence of the “evil eye,” and the powers of witchcraft, in which his belief was so firmly settled, that he would as soon have doubted his own existence as that of such supernatural agents. Indeed the impiety of such doubts in his young master was lamented by him, as not only a daring tempting of providence, but as constantly subjecting him, for want of necessary precaution, to the machinations and malicious pranks of those beings who in his fancy had so powerful a control over the destiny of man.

In this feeling it was that he besought Jasper to direct his granddaughter to stitch into some part of his master’s garments a portion of this “*holy herb*,” that he might reap the full benefit of its properties; shewing his half-incredulous friend, at the same time, that he had hitherto car-

ried about his own person a piece of rowan-tree (or mountain-ash), celebrated for the virtue of repelling all evil influence. And we may here mention, that it is a sovereign charm still used by the fishermen on the spot in Berwickshire from whence Roger had so lately emigrated, without the powerful protection of which they will not venture to sea.

With this request of fortifying the interests of the young Laird by so simple a means, Jasper readily undertook to comply. Roger, satisfied in this respect, had but one more favour to crave, which was, that Jasper would keep an “eident eye” over his master, that, in the event of his leaving the roof that now sheltered him, he might still know where to find him. This also was promised, to the great satisfaction of Roger, who was about to take his leave, when his friend thought it necessary to add a piece of what he considered good advice, as he again assumed his accustomed head-gear—

“ But I say, Roger, man! what has brought ye so far south with that bonnet on your head?

It's my wonder that ye haven't got yere crown cracked, even this same day, for its very sake."

"What may ail ye at the bonnet?" said Roger, pulling it most determinedly on his head with both hands: "And what should I wear on my head? Wad ye hae me buskit in a hat and feather, like the gentles?"

"No, no!" replied Jasper: "I would not have thee such a silly woodcock as that neither; but I would wish to see thee get a decent yeoman-like cap, like mine yonder on the pin; which, let me tell ye, will be a safer wear: that blue dish of thine being somewhat perilous to exhibit in the streets of this city, ever since they made songs upon it."

"Songs ament our bonnets!" said Roger, in surprise. "Why, they but to speak in their favour then, for fient a covering for the head that I hae ever seen hath the same bield in it?"

"Listen, and ye shall hear," said Jasper, while he hummed an air as a sort of prelude, and then sang in a mellow voice, and with an emphasis which gave the necessary point to its ridicule:—

“ Thy blue bonnet, when thou cam’st hither,
 Could scarcee keep out the wind and weather ;
 But now it is turned to a hat and feather,
 And thy bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.”

“ But my bonnet can keep out baith wind and weather,” said Roger, while, by the tone of his voice, his friend apprehended a relapse into a fit of displeasure ; “ and I se tell you what’s mair, my man, them that quarrel wi’ my bonnet shall quarrel wi’ mysel ; and let them come on, and see gin my hands canna keep my heed.”

“ Ye say well,” replied Jasper ; “ and so let’s have no carping about it ; for, if your hands can-
 not keep your head, I know none that can : aye,
 and not only your own head, but other folks to
 boot, as I am here a standing sample.”

“ Weel, weel,” responded Roger, “ they had better let sleeping dogs lie then ;” and content with this threat, and with what his present visit had achieved, he returned to his own humble place of abode, which he reached in safety, guided by particular marks that he had taken cogniz-
 ance of in the streets, and which led him with as

much precision to the door of his lodging, as the acute observations of the wild inhabitants of the North American woods conduct them through tangled mazes to the point they wish to attain.

CHAPTER X.

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth.
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. MILTON.

ROGER had paid several nightly visits to his friend Jasper, by which he gained no information about his young master, save that he was still the inmate of the same abode that had received him on his landing. When returning one rainy night, about eleven o'clock, to his own lodging, he was attracted by the wailings of a female voice that issued from the centre of a crowd collected at the entrance of the street in which his landlady lived,

and near to the head of a lane which led up from the Thames.

Roger's curiosity, as well as his better feelings, being aroused by this sound of wo, he immediately elbowed his way through the crowd, and beheld an old man lying on a broad flag placed before the open door of a house; on the threshold of which stood a tall hard-favoured woman, holding in her brown and shrivelled hand a lighted candle, that threw its dim and sickly rays upon the face of the dying man, whose smothered groans and struggling breath denoted full surely that the last agony between flesh and spirit had commenced. The light also extended its feeble rays to the form and countenance of a slender, pale and half-clothed girl, who, kneeling on the wet pavement, supported his head on her bosom, while she alternately endeavoured to soothe him, and implored the spectators' pity that a shelter might be afforded him. But her appeal to their humanity appeared ^{as} totally disregarded by all around her, save Roger, who had by this time gained a station close to the objects of his interest, and who now in Stentorian tones seconded these appeals. His al-

liance in this hour of distress, however, seemed only to increase the misery of the poor girl who was so much the object of his sympathy; for, finding his solicitations disregarded, he no sooner began to use the language of reproach, than the old woman, who had hitherto held the candle, stepped back, in order to shut the door, having perhaps quite unintentionally become a benefactor to the poor girl, in thus enabling her to discern the features on which she gazed so intensely. This inhuman act was, however, prevented by the prompt movement of Roger, who sprung forward, and, placing his body in the space between the closing door and its frame, exclaimed, in the broadest Scottish accent—

“ Haud by, ye ill-contrived limmer! Wad ye shut out the puir lassie, and her father lying in the deid thraw?”

“ The words “*shut out*” were probably all of this address comprehended by its hearers; but these few words, coupled with the strenuous exertion of Roger to prevent the closing of the door, together with the bitter reproach conveyed in the tone of his voice, and that exhibited in his coun-

tenance, which the light fell full upon, made his speech perfectly intelligible to her to whom it was addressed ; and she replied to it by stretching her long skinny neck over the shoulder of her opponent, which was placed as a wedge in the door, to prevent her purpose of shutting it entirely, and calling to her neighbours without for protection, as she denounced our friend as a thief and a murderer, who was making forcible entrance into her house. And, as she again and again vociferated, in half strangled sounds for justice, justice, her brawny antagonist, in his desire to keep her back, squeezed her long throat the harder between his shoulder and the edge of the contested door.

A piercing cry for “ light, light,” from the distressed young woman soon, however, decided this unprofitable contention, for instantly snatching the candle from the hand of the beldame, Roger descended the step, and the door was quickly closed upon all without. When the light fell again upon the old man’s pallid and sharp features, he appeared somewhat revived, for his head was raised from the supporting aid of the girl, and his arms

stretched forth, while he said in tremulous accents, rendered solemn by their import, and his evidently dying state—

“ Oh, my God, render justice to Restalrig, and succour my forlorn child;” and then pausing a moment, he said, as his dim gaze rested for the last time on the face of his daughter, “ Annie, art thou here my bairn ?”

“ Yes, my dear, dear father,” said the poor girl ; while her words were nearly choked by sobs.

“ I have been lang wrong, far wrong in my wits, indeed,” he continued ; “ but seek him out, and tell him I died at last in his service, for that I came here to let the King ken of—”

The words died upon his lips—his head fell again on the bosom of his daughter—one or two convulsive groans followed—his breath had departed, and his corpse lay unsheltered in the street. His daughter, overcome by grief, threw herself beside him, and for a few seconds remained so still that she seemed to have lost, in total insensibility, the knowledge of all that had passed, and to have followed him into that land where the weary are at rest : But presently starting up, though still

remaining on her knees, she spoke with that wild fervour, inspired by despair—

“ Oh,” she said, “ as ye yourselves hope for mercy at the last day, some one of you receive him into your house, and I will work day and night for you while I live.” Here she wrung her hands in agony, and seemed to look round, and to watch with phrenzied eagerness for a reply, when a diminutive figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, in which his head was also enveloped, to screen him, as it appeared, from the rain that now descended in torrents, and who had from the beginning of this sad scene been standing near the dying man; spoke to the assembled crowd in a deep and hollow voice :

“ Charitable christians,” said he, “ who are all so anxious to unclose your doors to this poor girl, and to do the necessary offices for the dead, see here are two golden pieces for that person into whose house they shall be received, and I promise that I will also provide the funeral expences.”

As he said this he extended his right hand to the candle, between the fore finger and thumb of

which he held the gold, that it might be distinctly seen by the surrounding people. A clamorous noise instantly arose of, "This way with the corpse, and follow me ;" and, " It was I that offered first ;" and, " My house is nearest."

" I called *ye* charitable christians," said the little figure in the cloak ; " but hold, for *one* only can do this good deed, and this woman, in the relentings of her tender mercy, seems to be that one, her house happening to be nearest. Ye are willing, are *ye* not, Mistress," said he to the gaunt, hard-favoured woman who had before held the candle, " to receive them into your house ?"

" Let me see the money first," said she with eagerness, " and then *ye* may bring in the dead man, and the girl may come too."

" Truly I thought you had *already seen* the money," said the person who had offered it in a satirical tone ; " but, if you have not, behold here it is ;" and he again held it up to the light.

" Give me it," said the woman, " give me it."

" Let me crave your pardon, most kind and honest dame," responded the monied man ; " but

I part not with the gold till my purpose is accomplished."

The woman now again mounted the step of her door amid the renewed outcries of her neighbours, who were all willing to profit by this apparent abandonment of the offered reward. In this idea, however, so hastily adopted, they were immediately undeceived, for calling forth a stripling from within her abode, she instantly descended with him, and taking the shoulders of the corpse, and the lad seizing the feet, "Now," said the bel-dame, "you who are to pay me for my trouble will please to walk before us, 'for sure bind sure find,' you know."

The little person thus addressed, gathering his cloak tightly round him, did her bidding, being instantly followed by the woman, who, assisted by the lad, bore the dead man into the house. Behind these was seen, by the light of the candle, still retained in his hand, the first champion of the poor girl, namely **Roger**, who was now bearing her sinking and worn out form into the house after them, while he whispered some words in her ear which found the way to her heart, and, even

at that sad hour, imparted a ray of comfort to the forlorn sojourner in a strange land.

The outward door had no sooner excluded the crowd, and the lifeless form of the old man been laid upon a miserable bed in the small and wretched apartment to which it was consigned, than the pieces of gold being claimed, they were paid by him who had promised them, with a request that the landlady would furnish a candlestick for the light held by our friend Roger, and leave the room, accompanied by him, as the donator wished to speak a few words in private with the afflicted girl who had now become her lodger, and for whose accommodation he engaged to pay.

Roger, who was thus threatened with an ejection from the apartment, took no notice of this uncivil treatment till he had resigned the candle which he held to its owner, and was desired by her to walk out, when, to the surprise of the person who had first issued the mandate, he set his huge back to the wall, and thus addressed him :

“ Speak till the lassie or haud yere tongue,
but I dinna stir fra this ~~stance~~ the night, for I’m
just gaun to sit up wi’ the corpse ; I can behave as

dejestly as *yourself*’, and I’m thinking I ken mair anent the young woman nor ye do.—And as to *you*,” he said to the landlady, “ ye were na sae kind till the puir lassie, I trow, when her father lay i’ the dede-ill afore yere een, that I should leave her athegether till yere guiding.”

Something in this speech of Roger’s appeared to change the sentiments of him in the dark cloak with regard to his expulsion, for he immediately acquiesced in this arrangement. Not so, however, the beldame to whom the premises belonged, who, recollecting with bitterness the strenuous opposition he had offered to her on her own threshold, insisted, in virago-like dialect, that he should leave her house directly; which order she made a shew of enforcing by seizing on one of his arms.

“ Look ye,” said Roger, expressing his disapprobation of her conduct in no very civil language, “ ye auld wizzened besum, I wad counsel ye to keep yere hands to *yourself*, without ye are greening for another *grip o’ the haffets*;” and he made a motion as if to seize her by the throat, which had the immediate effect of making her surrender the field, by retreating from the room.

while she muttered something between her teeth of bringing those who would release her from his company ; a threat which, however, she thought fit not to fulfil.

She was no sooner gone, than the diminutive figure whose person and visage had been all this time screened from sight, by the mummings of his wide dark cloak, crossed the little apartment, from where he had, on the other side of the bed, been earnestly contemplating the features of the corpse, and began to interrogate Roger on his alleged knowledge of the unfortunate girl, who was sitting on the bed, regardless of what was passing. No man's courage was firmer than Roger's, in as far as regarded encounters with beings merely gifted like himself. But, as we have already hinted, no child ever dreaded **witch** or **warlock** more, or believed more firmly in their existence, as well as in all the other different modifications of **evil**, embodied in the various forms that superstition has invented. He had been born, and **lived** from his birth, amid **fairy-haunted hills**,—**dells where** the restless spirits of the drowned **mariners** were nightly seen to **wander**,—**caverns** worn by the troubled ocean, and

peopled with the supernaturals of the deep,— where the mermaids sung, and the more terrific shelly-coats and water-kelpies screamed. But, familiar as he was with all these sights and sounds of hellish import, they were far from having lost their terrors, and he had continued to eye the little figure in the dark envelope with very uncomfortable suspicions, from the moment his extraordinary deep and hollow voice had struck his ear. But when this creature, on whom he had kept such a jealous eye, threw back the part of his cloak that muffled his head, and revealed the extraordinary features of our old acquaintance Humphry Algerton to his wondering gaze, he actually started back with affright, which the hollow and discordant croakings that assailed him seemed to increase: For never had Roger heard such sounds, save from the caverns of his native rocks, or the above-mentioned shelly-coats and kelpies of their caverns, and a chilly sensation of dread ran through his bulky form, as he rivetted his distended eyes on the spectre who now addressed him.

He bethought himself of the talisman bestowed on him by Jasper, and fumbled in his pocket, to convince himself that he still retained it; of which having assured himself, he next doubled his thumbs within his clenched hands, as an approved antidote against witchcraft, and then awaited the communication of his elfish antagonist, with a reassurance and renovated courage worthy of himself, so well skilled in antidotes against the malicious pranks of wily goblins. He still, however, viewed him askance, as having no wish to come in contact with so suspicious a being, especially as Humphry, in the eagerness of his feelings, turned up toward him that remarkable face, in which the expression of deep cunning, and subdued malignity, were now the prevailing characteristics.

“ Said you not that you knew this young maid-en?” articulated the goblin.

“ Ay, truly did I,” responded our friend Roger, contenting himself with this laconic reply, without enlarging one whit upon the question.

“ And pray who may she be?”

"Ane that, though she be in a mean enow case at the present," said Roger, "was na always sae."

"What, then, has occasioned her present distressed situation, and where comes she from?" asked the dwarf.

"The deil and his helpers best kens wherefore they have brought her till these pinches," said Roger with a significant tone, and a downward look of suspicion at his interrogator; "and she comes from where she will soon gang back till again, gin I get my will o' it."

"You need not seek to evade my questions thus," said Humphry Algerton, while he exalted his voice to a determinate tone, that, maugre his diminutive stature, and other peculiar attributes, still carried authority with it: "For," he continued, "I *will* know who she *is*, and why the name of Restalrig ^{was} uttered in his last agonies by him who lies yonder."

As he reached the termination of this speech, his voice rose into its accustomed shrill yell, when its owner was roused by opposition; and its sharp tones seemingly awakening the poor girl

from her torpid state of sorrow, and having struck on her ear as an outrageous and indecent infringement of the silence she so much courted, and which the awful presence of the dead demanded, she arose, and, coming forward, gently laid her death-like hand on the shoulder of the dwarf, while she said,—

“ Ah, speak not so loudly, or with anger, I will freely tell you who I am, for wherefore should I now conceal it? My dear father, who lies yonder, came here to give his testimony to the innocence of the old Laird of Restalrig, for he was the father, and I the unhappy sister, of George Sprott, who perished at Edinburgh.”

“ Hah,” said the dwarf, first gazing earnestly on the personification of famine and sorrow which she exhibited, and then stepping toward the bed, and contemplating the ghastly features of the dead man, “ Hah! I knew it,—I could not be mistaken.”

“ What for, then,” responded Roger, “ did ye speer, seeing ye ken a’ thing ye should na ken?”

The dwarf now withdrew his regards from the corpse, and fixed his searching grey eyes upon Roger, with that expression of blended malignity and satirical scorn, which they were accustomed to deal forth, on such as, in their simplicity, had mistaken him for a supernatural being. Mistakes of this nature had not seldom happened to him, for living, as he did, in an age when the visible appearances of the emissaries of Satan were so firmly believed in, it was nothing strange that his hideous appearance should engender such suspicions. But as these mistakes had for their foundation that singular deformity in which had originated all his misfortunes, and caused all the laceration of his feelings, they were always sufficient to arouse the deepest malignity of his passions. It was therefore with a spirit imbued with the gall of these feelings, that he saw himself thus viewed by Roger. But it being his policy for the present to efface, if possible, this impression, he lowered his voice to its least **grating** accents, while he addressed the girl, without noticing the evident construction of her friend on his natural defects.

“ I was in Scotland,” he said, again addressing Annie Sprott, “ at the time of the cruel death of your brother, and deeply lamented your poor father, and your undeserved fate, which was the theme of all tongues, when, after the execution, you disappeared from the metropolis, and from the place of your former residence-at Eyemouth. What wonder, then, that I should conjecture who you were, when I heard your father speak of Restalrig, and couple his name with an injunction to seek him out, as being without doubt the bearer of some weighty communication, that may serve to establish him again in the possession of what so many think him unjustly deprived of? Say, then, young woman, if it is so ; for in this case ye may possibly meet with those who can counsel and help you forward in this matter, being one, perchance, too weighty for your handling, even though you should be instructed where to meet with the son of the old Laird of Restalrig, who the common bruit sayeth is now in our city.”

This artful speech had immediately the meditated effect, of drawing from the simple Annie a full confession of the late state of her poor father’s

intellects, and of his views in coming to London, where he had hoped to convince the King that his son had unjustly accused his late patron, attributing his sin in this matter to the suggestions of the devil.

There was something so sincere in this account of the matter, that the eyes of the dwarf were lighted up for an instant, and his fearful features overspread with a gleam of joy too strong to escape the perception of his auditors, who appeared to view it with a natural wish to develope its cause. But its motive lay too deep for their conjectures, consisting, as it did, in his being partly released from the fear he had harboured ever since the death of George Sprott, of his having revealed more to his father and sister of the transactions preceding that event, than was calculated to be advantageous to his interests. Yet the face of the dwarf soon relapsed into its usual expression, while his heart felt also some of its usual guilty fears; for might not **this** girl know more than she chose to impart—might not her brother have told her the whole truth—and sworn her to secrecy, until she should impart his communication to some

one who was sufficiently interested in the concerns of Logan, to bring her forward as a witness in his favour?

He also wished to penetrate so far into the girl's thoughts, as to discern if she was acquainted with the place of Restalrig's residence; for though he already knew, through his emissaries in Scotland, that he had left it for London, and, watching the arrival of the vessel, had tracked him to Jasper's, he feared, as Roger had done before him, that he might still escape his vigilance. This was, however, as he apprehended, no time to prosecute such a discovery, while the Argus eyes of Roger were bent upon him with what still appeared a hostile expression; and he ceased for the present from his questions.

Assuming, therefore, an appearance of disinterested benevolence toward the girl, he gave her money to provide for her wants, and departed. Nor did he return until the day her father's remains were to be deposited in the grave, when, having helped to perform this necessary duty, he left her for the time to the indulgence of her sorrow, and visited her next morning, to en-

deavour to elicit the information in which he was so deeply concerned; and, had she possessed the knowledge he suspected, he would assuredly have then become master of it, for the gratitude he had engendered, by his apparent benevolence, in furnishing her with the means of a decent interment for her father, and present sustenance for herself, was still farther increased by his expressing a hope, that, through his means, she might be preferred to the office of waiting on a great and good young lady, who was able to protect her from all the dangers and snares of the great city to which she had come.

'This suggestion could not have failed to fill the heart of Annie with delight as well as gratitude, had it not been for the deep sense of degradation which seemed to her morbid feelings to include also a sense of personal guilt, in having been so nearly connected with one whose life had paid the forfeit of his crimes; for that her brother had acted the part of a **false accuser**, she had, as the reader knows, never once doubted. All her scruples were, however, overcome by the persuasions of her benefactor, and that, in spite of her

more sincere friend, honest Roger, who urged her not to trust to strangers, but to return to Scotland, in the same little vessel which had brought her and her deceased father from Berwick-on-Tweed, and which was again about to sail for the same port.

Annie's answer to Roger's remonstrances was still the same from day to day ; always expressive of reluctance to return to a country where her brother's fate was still fresh in the memory of every one, and where, she imagined that she would be constantly pointed at by the finger of scorn. "Oh, no!" she said, " rather let me starve in this foreign land, than return to where I shall think shame to set out my head, if I must not accept the offer of this kind gentleman, and become the servant of the lady he has mentioned."

This refusal of Annie to return to her own country, was vexatious to Roger, because there was that about Humphrey Algerton to which it seemed impossible he could ever be reconciled. Even the good deeds he had performed failed to make a favourable impression, from a certain ob-

stingy of dislike which he had conceived toward him, and a suspicion of some sinister motive in securing the friendship of Annie. In short, he had felt a sort of natural antipathy toward the dwarf, from the first moment he despaired his deformed figure, and heard his sepulchral voice. Nor could he be persuaded, that so strange a being was not in some degree supernatural, or at least, as the very best construction he could put upon the matter, that he must belong to the “wee people,” with whom it was the custom in those days to substitute brats of their own for the fairest and goodliest infants of the human race.

Accordingly, he fenced Annie’s person with a portion of the “holy herb,” drawn from his own store, and initiated her in all his counter charms against the evils of necromancy; yet could he never believe her safe, while in any measure under the guidance of him who was in his eyes so evidently a person to be feared.

These strong reasons for wishing to send Annie back to Scotland, were, however, one day suddenly put to flight, and his full, nay joyful con-

sent obtained, to her entering the service of the lady formerly alluded to,—by his being present at the arrival of a coach sent by her for the poor girl, or rather by a few minutes' conversation into which he entered with one of the servants who attended it.

But with regard to the motives which made our honest friend thus willing, all at once, to deliver his countrywoman up to strangers, as well as what relates to his parting injunctions, and the promises given him in return, we must at present leave the reader to conjecture; which will perhaps be no difficult task, when we inform him, that Annie Sprott was immediately conveyed to Denmark House, where she had been sent for at the desire of Rosa. This had been effected through the instrumentality of Lord Algerton, who had been instigated to it by his brother, and who had related her adventures to Isabella, not forgetting to mention the interest which Logan had taken in her at Fasteastle, the recital of which had been drawn from Annie by the dwarf, and which had its full effect on the sensibilities of his audi-

tor, especially when accompanied, as it was, with a pathetic description of her present forlorn situation, and a suggestion that Rosa might save her from future misery, by taking her into her service.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

